Newport Mercury.

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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Patrick Edney, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 6979, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Dence, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Robertson, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. B Casey Sullivan, President; Miss B. M. Dennehey, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, Mrs. Catharine Gillies; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Hempseed. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Charles Boldt; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Catherine Curley; Secretary, Jennie Fontaine. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

HUXWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James H. Hampton, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. Harvey; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

CLAN MCLEOD, No. 163—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Citizens Business Association.

There was a small attendance at a meeting of the Citizens Business Association on Thursday evening, called for the purpose of taking action on the application of the Grand Trunk Railway for a charter in Rhode Island, and to consider other business. A resolution was presented and adopted favoring the application of the Grand Trunk. The committee on drydock also made a report, showing that progress is being made and that the Providence board of trade is co-operating with the local committee.

There was a discussion of hotel matters, and Mr. Keeler, the promoter of the Belcourt Hotel proposition was present and explained his plans.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Thursday evening, when a little business was transacted. The regular weekly bills and pay rolls were approved. A number of plumbers' bonds were approved. An invitation to the Mayor and board of aldermen to ride in carriages in the St. Patrick's Day parade was received and accepted. Committees were appointed to look into the matter of purchasing a number of articles for various departments authorized by the representative council. The matter of street lights also occupied the attention of the board for some time.

The funeral of Mrs. Catherine M Blake, who died at her home on Lees' wharf on Sunday, took place from St. Mary's Church Tuesday morning. Rev. William B. Meegan officiated. There was a very large attendance at the service. Miss Shanteler sang "Face to Face" very feelingly. The bearers were Messrs. Michael Shea, Michael Donovan, John Murray and Patrick Walsh.

The federal authorities are investigating a case under the immigration laws which brought them to Newport. Inspector Tobin apprehended a soldier recently honorably discharged from Fort Greble, and held him for the federal officers. His sister-in-law, her daughter and small son recently came from Europe to find the husband of the woman and have been staying in Newport.

Superior Court.

The March session of the Superior Court for Newport County opened in this city on Monday, Judge Rathbun presiding. The forenoon was largely devoted to assigning cases for trial, after the grand jury had been sent out to consider a number of cases. Indictments were reported against John Hutchinson and Paul E. Cameron, two soldiers at Fort Adams, for breaking and entering the Hall & Lyon store, Samuel and Roberta Minnis were indicted for maintaining a nuisance. In the afternoon there was a long hearing on the demurrer of defendant in the case of Attorney General vs. Barclay Hazard, having to do with an alleged highway at Sachuest Farm. Decision was reserved.

Tuesday was divorce day, and divorces were granted as follows: Thomas A. Williamson from Rose A. Williamson, Elizabeth Wycks from John D. Wycks, Mary E. Shannon from John E. Shannon, Fred C. Richards from Ellen M. Richards, Emma Middleton from Charles Middleton, Mary Pouns from Chester Pouns, and John M. Brownell from Elizabeth A. Brownell, and Petter Cropper from Rachel Cropper.

Wednesday there was a case for trial, Frostlene Manufacturing Company vs. Patrick H. Horgan. This was a suit on book account for goods sold to the Hotel Thorndike in Jamestown. The defense was to the effect that the hotel manager ordered the goods without the authority of the owner. The verdict was for plaintiff for the full amount, $51.15.

Herbert L. Marsh was given judgment for $250 in his case against Walter Merchant, on Thursday.

The Dennis will case came to the front again on Friday being an appeal from the decision of the Probate Court. This case is likely to occupy a large part of the time of the court at this session. There are many witnesses to be heard.

N. E. Order of Protection.

The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, New England Order of Protection, held its annual meeting in Boston on Wednesday. There were over eight hundred officers, members and representatives present. The Order throughout New England shows a handsome growth during the past year. The membership on January 3d was 64,089 and the net gain for the year 1909 was over five thousand. The death claims paid during the year amounted to $825,425. In all the Order has paid out to date the sum of $8,664,443.60 to the beneficiaries of deceased members.

Whist and Dance.

Minneola Council, No. 3, D. of P., held its weekly whist and dance in Builders & Merchants Hall Tuesday evening with a large attendance, about 100 persons enjoying the two hours of whist. At the finish the two first prizes were awarded to Mrs. John W. McMahon and Mr. William B. Scott, while the consolations were awarded to Mrs. Francis and Mr. Brownell Wordell.

Dancing began shortly after 11 and lasted until 1 o'clock. Light refreshments were served during the evening. Lodler's orchestra furnished the music for the dancing.

Through the efforts of Mrs. Charles M. Thomas, widow of Admiral Thomas, as the local representative of the Navy Relief Society, a check has been given Mrs. Troche, the widow of Chief Machinist's Mate Louis A. Troche, of the ill-fated Nina. Through the generous response to the appeal for aid for this worthy object, enough money was raised to help Mrs. Troche in the care of her infant child for some months, or until such time as the Navy Department can make a settlement with those who were dependent for their support on members of that vessel's crew.

There was an alarm of fire from box 25 at Broadway and Elliott place shortly before two o'clock Thursday morning. When the first apparatus arrived upon the scene there was no sign of fire but the glass receptacle on the side of the box had been broken and the key used to sound the alarm. The re-call was sounded immediately and some of the apparatus was stopped before it had reached the scene. The police and fire department are trying to locate two men who are said to have been in the vicinity of the box just before the alarm was struck.

President Benjamin M. Anthony of the Newport Baseball Association will maintain an independent team in Newport this season the same as last. He has secured a lease of the grounds belonging to the association, and will at once start to get together as strong a team as possible.

At the annual meeting of the Grand Chapter of Rhode Island, Royal Arch Masons, Colonel Herbert Bliss of this city was elected Grand King.

Representative Council.

The representative council held its second meeting of the year on Wednesday evening, for the purpose of taking action on the report of the committee of 25, adopting the budget, and taking action on other matters that should come before it. The body was in session from 8 to 11.15 o'clock, and then, as the members were fast disappearing and it was feared that there would not be a quorum, the council adjourned. A motion to adjourn had been made earlier, but it was voted down because the tax ordinance had not been passed and it was essential that that should be done at that meeting.

The session was a busy one, and considerable progress was made in clearing up some of the important matters that were on the desk. The budget was adopted, the tax ordinance was passed, two acts were recommended to the Legislature, and much miscellaneous business was disposed of, including the raising of the salaries of the police department. All of these things required considerable talk and the debate was at times quite spirited. Sometimes the members got to talking around in a circle, but finally got straightened out. The attendance in the galleries was not as large as at the first meeting of the year when interest centered in the election of officers, but those who were present evinced a considerable interest in the proceedings.

The first business, after the calling of the roll which showed about 130 present, was the report of the committee of 25 which was received without debate. The accompanying resolution, making the appropriations for the year, was read and was taken up section by section. It was amended only slightly and was then passed. In considering the various sections it was voted to amend that section providing for street lights by adding $200 for the purpose of equipping all the lights on Harrison avenue and vicinity with incandescent burners. Later on, an attempt was made to strike out of the highway department appropriation the item of $5000 for sewer in Malbone avenue, but this was defeated. The total amount of the appropriation resolution was $663,876.84. The ordinance also contained the usual clauses providing that the appropriations shall not be exceeded by the various departments.

The tax ordinance was next taken up, but it was decided to leave it on the table for a time, as other resolutions would involve the expenditure of money and it could not be told at that time just how much would be needed.

A resolution was taken up, directing the city solicitor to appear before the General Assembly and advocate the passage of an act defining the duties of an inspector of buildings for Newport. The act is an amendment of the General Laws and provides for the election of an inspector by the representative council, to serve at a salary to be fixed by the council. The duties of the office are defined, one of the most important being to enforce the provisions of the building ordinance passed by the council some time ago. The act provides for the election of such inspector upon the passage of the act, and annually thereafter in the month of January.

A resolution was taken up, providing for the acceptance of the offer of the school committee of the school yards for children's playgrounds. There was some question about the care of the grounds and the responsibility for damages, and on motion of Mr. Perry it was referred to a committee to report.

The resolution providing for inaugurating the so-called system of municipal accounts was taken up. The resolution as presented made an appropriation of $1500 for the purpose but this was stricken out as it was already contained in the general appropriation measure. The resolution was further amended by making the board of aldermen responsible for inaugurating the system instead of a committee of the council. It was then passed as amended.

The resolution directing the street commissioner to construct the foundation for granolithic sidewalks wherever the abutter would provide the top dressing was laid upon the table. The resolution directing the chairman to appoint a committee to examine the accounts of the tax collector was passed.

A resolution was considered, creating a committee to examine into the cost of providing a new police station and to report back to the council with all details. A motion to amend by entrusting this duty to the board of aldermen was lost, and the original resolution was passed. A number of resolutions that had accompanied the report of the committee of 10 were laid upon the table.

One of the most important measures considered at the meeting was that in relation to the inspection of food supplies and the seizure of unfit goods. A resolution was taken up directing the city solicitor to advocate the passage of such an act before the General Assembly. The accompanying act was read and considered in detail. The act provides that the licensing of milk dealers shall be transferred from the board of aldermen to the board of health, which may make suitable regulations for the conduct of the business and may enter upon the premises where milk is sold at any time. The Board of Health shall make frequent inspections of all places where meats, fish, provisions, etc., are sold and shall have the right to seize and condemn any articles unfit for food. The owner may within 12 hours claim an appeal to the board and a hearing shall be given him forthwith, but the decision of the board shall be final. The slaughtering of cattle is also placed under the control of the board of health.

After the proposed act had been read, there was considerable discussion. Several minor amendments were proposed and accepted. Dr. Ramsay proposed an amendment providing for the licensing of all dealers who would come under the jurisdiction of the board by this act, but the amendment was rejected as being too drastic. The act was finally approved and the resolution directing the city solicitor to work for its passage by the Legislature was adopted.

On recommendation of the board of aldermen an ordinance was amended increasing the salary of the clerk of the highway department from $53.33 a month to $100 a month. Francis M. Sisson was then elected clerk, and Wallace C. Maitland was elected engineer of the City Hall.

The members of the permanent police force presented a communication requesting an increase in salaries and setting forth the reasons therefor. This was accompanied by an amendment to the ordinance, making an increase in the salaries of all members of the force of 25 cents a day from the captain down. There was considerable debate over the passage of the ordinance, Dr. Brackett arguing that the matter should properly have gone to the committee of 25. He moved to refer this ordinance and all other measures relating to increases in salaries to a committee who should investigate and report on the matter of salaries for all city officers at the first meeting next year. The amendment was lost and the ordinance was passed. A resolution was also passed increasing the salary of the chief of police from $1600 to $1700. A resolution was passed appropriating $350 for macadamizing Oakwood Terrace.

There was considerable more business on the desk to be considered, but as the members were getting restless it was thought best to take up the ordinance providing for the assessment and collection of a tax. The figures recommended by the committee of 25 were to assess a tax of not less than $574,000 and not more than $584,000. On motion of Mr. Congdon this was amended by making the amounts not less than $595,000 and not more than $605,000, and the ordinance was then passed. The council adjourned to meet on Wednesday evening, March 16.

The Newport police force found one of the liveliest fracases in a number of years on Kinsley's wharf Tuesday night. The soldiers at the forts had been paid off during the day and in consequence there was some "celebrating" going on. Officer Gentile found a noisy crowd at the corner of Thames street and Kinsley's wharf and finally placed one soldier under arrest. Some of the others interfered, with the result that the officer lost his club in the melee and was rather roughly handled. He fired his revolver into the air, and the police reserves quickly came to the scene. Two soldiers and a sailor were gathered in. Private John Hatan was arraigned in the police court Wednesday morning, and was fined $25 and costs for assault on an officer. Two others were fined $5 and costs for revelling.

Mr. Robert K. Stoddard, son of the late Isaac N. and Sarah W. Stoddard, and brother of Dr. William C. Stoddard, died at his home on Warner street on Monday after a short illness. He had been sick for only about two weeks, suffering from double pneumonia. He was in his sixtieth year. Mr. Stoddard was a man of quiet and retiring disposition, but was possessed of a deep Christian spirit and was always desirous of doing good to others. He was a descendant of an old Rhode Island family.

Rev. Micah J. Talbot, D. D., formerly pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of this city and for a time superintendent of public schools, observed his eighty-ninth birthday at the Attleboro sanitarium recently. Many friends called to extend congratulations during the day, and he was the recipient of many mementoes of the occasion. He has been staying at the sanitarium for about five months.

Mr. Arthur H. Popple has recovered from his recent illness.

Mrs. William Leys is visiting in Boston.

Recent Deaths.

Romeo Linzini.

Mr. Romeo Linzini died at the Newport Hospital last Sunday after an illness of several months. He came to Newport some years ago and was in the employ of the late M. F. Augustus as a barber for a long time. After the death of Mr. Augustus he bought out the business and has since carried on a successful business. He was a very quiet man and was very square and upright in all his dealings with his fellow creatures. He will be greatly missed by many people.

Funeral services took place from St. Mary's Church Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Edward Tierney officiating. A representation of the Italian Progressive Society attended the service. The bearers were Messrs. Vittorio Ruggeri, Ricardo Pasqualetti, Egisto Funsioto, D. M. Russo, F. Descentise and T. Desantre.

Edward Scott.

Mr. Edward Scott died at the Newport Hospital on Sunday. He was formerly in charge of the men's furnishing department at the Boston Store, but had been on the pension list of that establishment for several years. He was a Scotchman and a native of Edinburgh. He was held in high esteem by all who knew him.

Funeral services were held from the residence of Mr. and William Hansen on Prospect Hill street, where the deceased had made his home for a number of years. Rev. Nathaniel J. Sprout, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, officiated. The bearers were Messrs. John H. Mustard, Alexander J. MacIver, Fred Weir, John A. K. Anderson and Daniel Morrison.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Jones Colford have announced the engagement of their daughter Miss Edith Colford, to Mr. Dudley Seldon Morgan, son of Mr. W. Rogers Morgan. Mr. Morgan is a student in Harvard and both are favorites in society. Miss Colford has been visiting here the past week. The wedding will probably take place in Newport this summer.

The marriage of Miss Marjorie Gould, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Jay Gould, to Mr. Anthony J. Drexell, Jr., will take place in St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, on Tuesday, April 19th, and will be one of the largest weddings of the season.

Mrs. Thomas F. Murphy, formerly of this city, but who has been in Cincinnati for some time, is on an extended visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Sheldon, on Powell avenue.

An outing to Washington is being planned by a number of school teachers during the Easter vacation, under the care of Mr. Harry Alger, principal of the Potter school.

Mrs. Emily Carry has returned from a visit to New York, where she was guest of her son-in-law and daughter Mr. and Mrs. Sanford T. Gladding.

Mr. William B. Gardner, of New York, has been guest of his mother, Mrs. Mary Gardner, at her home on Rhode Island avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Seabury, Jr., have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Hall, of Plainfield, N. J., at their home on Bath road.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont has collapsed from overwork and as soon as she has recovered sufficiently to stand the journey will go abroad.

The condition of Mr. J. Frank Albro, who was operated on at the Newport Hospital, shows signs of steady improvement.

Bishop William N. McVickar will visit Trinity Church on Sunday, May 1, and administer the rite of confirmation.

Miss Sarah E. Fales, who recently underwent an operation at the Newport Hospital, is slowly improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis L. Lorillard have been entertaining Representative and Mrs. R. L. Beeckman.

Mrs. Stanley C. Hughes has as her guest her sister, Miss Gwendolen Foulke, of Richmond, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin A. G. Peckham are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Mrs. William J. Chambers is convalescing after an operation at the Newport Hospital.

Miss Freda Paine is guest of the Misses Greavenor, at their home in Providence.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Cass Ledyard were visitors here the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard Spencer are spending a week in New York.

Rev. Stanley C. Hughes will have a vacation during the month of April.

Mr. Fred M. Smythe is returning from a business trip to Europe.

Mr. Oliver Tisdall has returned from a trip to Florida.

Middletown.

VITAL STATISTICS.—The vital statistics for 1909, as registered in the Town Clerk's office, comprise 59 births, 14 marriages and 24 deaths. Quite a number of the births took place outside the limits of the town and six of the marriages were of Portuguese residents and solemnized in Newport by the Priests of St. Joseph's Church. The births divided according to sex, included 28 males and 31 females. Only 22 were of American parentage, the remaining 37 were of foreign descent and 29 being Portuguese. A somewhat singular coincidence is shown in several being born on the same dates. 2 on April 19, August 10 2; November 22, 2, and December 9, 3.

Of the deaths 13 were males and 11 females. Six of the decedents were under five and five above seventy years of age.

For the year 1879, 26 births were registered; in 1889, 26; in 1899, 32, while in 1909 the number reached a total of 59.

EXTENDED PUBLIC SERVICE OF THE LATE BENJAMIN WYATT.—Few of the men eligible to office in Middletown since its incorporation in 1743, have held so many important offices and for such length of time as the late Benjamin Wyatt. For fifteen years he was a member of the Town Council, for eighteen years a member of the Public School Committee and for eight years one of the Assessors of Taxes. He was first elected to the Town Council in April, 1868, and served until April, 1875. In April, 1884, he was again elected and served continuously until April, 1890. He was chosen a member of the Public School Committee in April, 1869, and was continued in this office until April, 1887. For Assessor of Taxes he was annually chosen from April, 1888, to April, 1902. Perhaps, however, the most conspicuous and valuable public service rendered by Mr. Wyatt was as a committee to defend the rights and privileges of the inhabitants of Middletown in Sachuest Beach. The controversy concerning this beach extended back of the time of the incorporation of Middletown. In 1677, John Alfred Hazard, then proprietor of the Nicholas Easton farm which adjoins Sachuest Beach, inaugurated a series of prosecutions against some of the inhabitants of Middletown, disputing their rights to cart sand from the beach and sought to interrupt the right altogether. These suits involved not only much personal trouble but considerable expense. A town meeting was called and a committee was appointed to guard the rights of the public in the beach. This committee consulted with the attorneys of Mr. Hazard, and seemed to fall under a spell at once. They reported no action. Another meeting was held and a new committee was appointed, consisting of the late Samuel G. Arnold, the honored historian of the State, and the late Benjamin Wyatt. This committee at once took counsel and proceeded to defend the public rights which had been assailed. The litigation then went on for a dozen years, and no determination was made until September, 1888. Mr. Hazard died, but the prosecutions were continued by the Newport Hospital. In February, 1880, Governor Arnold died, and the whole burden fell to Mr. Wyatt. In April, 1883, the late William E. Peckham and James E. Wyatt were added to the committee. In the spring of 1886, an attempt was made by several prominent tax-payers to have the town withdraw from the litigation altogether and lose what had been gained in the previous nine years. This attempt was successfully resisted, however, and largely through the untiring efforts of Mr. Wyatt and his colleagues on the committee. The litigation cost the town of Middletown more than $5,000 and only for the self-sacrificing labors and unstinted devotion of Mr. Wyatt and a few other public spirited citizens would have miscarried, without any beneficial results.

John Barker, a lineman employed by the Providence Telephone Company, fell from a pole at the corner of Cherry street and the railroad track Wednesday afternoon, and was badly injured. His leg was broken in two places, and he also broke a bone in his foot. He had a narrow escape from fatal injury and will be incapacitated for some time.

The union service of the Protestant Episcopal churches was held at the Zabriskie Memorial Church Wednesday evening with a good attendance, Rev. William A. Mitchel being the preacher.

Second Lieutenant Edgar H. Thompson, stationed at Fort Adams, has been promoted to First Lieutenant, dating from February 28.

Hon. Regis H. Post, former governor of Porto Rico, has returned to New York after a visit to relatives in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Audrain are on their way to Rotterdam, having sailed on steam-ship Noordam.

Rev. and Mrs. Nathaniel J. Sprout are enjoying a ten days' visit at Quincy, Mass.

Mr. David T. Pinniger and Dr. Nathaniel G. Stanton have gone to Bermuda.

Admiral and Mrs. Stephen B. Luce have returned from a trip to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hake are entertaining Rev. and Mrs. John R. McKay.

Rev. Richard A. Greene is spending a few weeks in this city.

Mrs. Fred W. Greene is visiting in New Bedford.

Mr. A. L. Leavitt is ill at the Newport Hospital.

Cherub Devine

By SEWELL FORD

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Here is a fascinating latter day romance, written in the vein and style that have won fame for Sewell Ford. "Cherub" Devine is an inspiration in his refreshing outlook on life and people, and after a meteoric Wall street career and a season of recreation among the effervescent ladies of the stage he meets the charming Countess Vecchi. This sweet young American girl, victim of the execrable "international marriage" system, resolves that it is her duty to reform the Cherub, and the outcome provides a narrative seldom equaled in its fanciful humor, illuminating character delineation and tender sentiment.

CHAPTER I.

THOSE who doubt that fate now and then indulges in irony should have observed the manner in which Hewington Acres came into the possession of "Cherub" Devine.

Bulkins, the real estate agent who made the sale, attributes the whole credit of the transaction to his own shrewdness. But, then, Bulkins is one of those persons who would cheerfully call upon the entire universe to prove that he (Bulkins) was favored above all other men in that respect. Does the sun shine? Bulkins knew it would and for his profit. There comes a storm. Bulkins appropriates it, wrings a percentage therefrom and winks confidently at the solar system whose operations are conducted for his especial and particular benefit.

"I can sell anything, anywhere." This was Bulkins' philosophy, his religion, his declaration of faith in himself.

And of course Bulkins knew the habits and ways of Cherub Devine. Every one knew them. Any one—the man in the street, the clerk behind the counter, the very newsboy at the curb—could tell you all about Cherub, give you his entire history, from the time he started his career as office boy for a Chicago stockbroker until he evolved into the many millioned speculator whose audacious methods were at that moment stirring things up in Wall street. Each and every one could have told you exactly the kind of man he was and missed the mark widely, for such men are not so easily estimated.

Perhaps it was this, visible in his wide set blue eyes, with the flashes of light behind; perhaps it was only the pink chubbiness of his cleanly shaven face, which earned him the name of Cherub, a designation applied impartially by pert messenger boys, irreverent brokers and staid heads of great corporations. He had been christened otherwise, of course, and possibly Cherub was inappropriate when you consider all that he was or seemed to be, but the designation was universally accepted, as you know.

Just where he might be expected to be found Bulkins had run across him, seated comfortably in a leather covered, wide armed office chair at an open window which looked out across Broad street toward the more or less ornate front of the New York Stock Exchange.

The time was a little past noon of an August Saturday. Therefore the stream of men was setting outward between the great pillars. The curb was lined with hansoms and autos, and into these climbed brokers variously attired, variously burdened. Here came one in blue serge wearing a yachting cap, there two who swung golf bags in their hands. Others were followed by boys carrying kit bags.

"Hello, Cherub! They got after you today, eh? Planning how to get even, are you?"

Mr. Devine showed no resentment.

"Maybe I was," said he.

Bulkins snorted out a mirthless laugh.

"Good! Sic 'em, my boy! That's what I'd do. When they think they've got me beat worst I bob up and go at 'em hardest. But, say, you ought to take a rest once in awhile. Does a man good. You ought"— He grinned broadly. "Oh, I say, Cherub," dropping his tone, "I've got just the thing you ought to have—a country place."

"Yes?" Mr. Devine acknowledged the joke by flicking half an inch of cigar ash on the window ledge.

"You bet!" Bulkins was smoothing Cherub's coat sleeve. "It's Hewington Acres—up on the sound—gilt edged suburban property, and going dirt cheap on foreclosure. You know about the Hewingtons; swell family, but gone all to smash financially. Now, there's twenty acres of park along the water, nice little forty room cottage"—

"Only forty?"

"With stables, lodge house, gardener's shack and the like. It's fully furnished and goes as it stands, even to the servants if you want them. Just the place for a family man like you." And Bulkins snorted a fresh appreciation of his own humor, winking roguishly at an astonished broker's clerk who happened to be passing.

Mr. Devine seemed to have missed the joke.

"How much?" he asked, his gaze still fixed on the stone steps opposite.

"Receivers would take $60,000, but it's worth double. That's as sure as I'm standing here. I tell you, Cherub, that property"—

"I'll take it," said the Cherub.

"Eh? Bulkins' pendulous under lip was sagging away from his yellow teeth.

"I said I'd take it at sixty. What do you want to bind the bargain—ten thousand? Fifteen? Well, call it fifteen." And before that under lip of Bulkins' had stiffened he was holding Cherub's check in his hands.

Observed Bulkins afterward when he had mentally added his commission to his bank account and recovered from his surprise: "Now, some men would have been six months turning over a property like that, but me, I unload it on the first sucker I meet, though what in thunder Devine wants of a place like Hewington Acres is more 'n I can see!"

Apparently Cherub had no immediate use for it since he allowed three weeks to elapse without referring to the transaction, except to toss the deed over to a clerk and tell him to have it recorded. He seemed to forget all about it until one Friday afternoon when he found himself with a "closing" Saturday, a Sunday and an ensuing Monday holiday on his hands.

"Better come with me for a run into the Berkshires, Cherub, and help me try out my new machine," urged Williston, one of the "Chicago crowd," whose hobby was buying another and more expensive touring car every month or so.

"Thanks, but I guess I'm about due out at my place on the sound."

"Wha-a-at! You don't mean to say you've set up a country establishment?" And Williston gave him an incredulous look.

"Didn't have to—bought it all standing. Haven't seen it yet. It's out—well, say, blamed if I know just where it is. Boy, ring up Bulkins, real estate!"

Having summoned Bulkins to the other end of the wire, Mr. Devine proceeded to ask enlightenment.

"That you, Bulkins? Well, this is Devine. Say, what's the name of that place you sold me? Eh? Howlington Acres? Oh, Hew-ing-ton! Good! And where is it? Yes, where? No. How



"HELLO! I WONDER WHO THAT WAS?"

should I know? Ah, that's it, is it? Guess I can remember. But how do you get there? Sure. Thirty-fourth street ferry. Thanks. So long."

And ten minutes later Mr. Devine had started on his voyage of discovery into the fashionable wilds of Long Island, bent on inspecting the first piece of real estate which he had ever owned, the first tangible fruits of his newly acquired millions.

Owing to the foresight of Bulkins, who had sent a warning telegram in advance, Mr. Devine was met at the station by one Timmins, who singled him out with unerring promptness, introducing himself as caretaker and general superintendent of Hewington Acres, and waved him obsequiously toward a yellow wheeled park trap drawn by a pair of glossy cobs.

"Whose team?" Mr. Devine was asking.

"Yours, sir."

"All right. Let 'ef go."

No one will ever know just how much Cherub Devine enjoyed that ride or the sensation he experienced when they turned in through the big stone gateposts and Timmins remarked cheerfully, "Here we are, sir." At the last curve of the driveway the trees seemed suddenly to open, and there sprung into view the low roofed, many windowed, much awninged "cottage," with its porte-cochere, servants' annex, glass roofed conservatories and deep verandas.

"Show you through the house first, sir?" suggested Timmins.

"Might as well."

Mr. Devine was lighting a black cigar. This accomplished, he followed Timmins into the darkened vista of hall and through the large rooms. As Bulkins had assured him, the place was fully furnished. There were chairs, tables, rugs, books, pictures, even freshly cut flowers in the vases.

"Upstairs now, sir?"

"Oh, I guess the upstairs 'll keep. Let's have a look at the stable."

Inside of half an hour the Cherub was smoking lonesomely on the front veranda, trying to summon a sense of ownership which it seemed to him impossible that he could ever achieve.

Usually a man much given to silence, even among his intimates, Mr. Devine now felt that he wanted to talk. The stillness was oppressive. So this was what it was like to own a country place, was it?

"Fine thing, the country," soliloquized Mr. Devine. "I could spend just about a week here—and then die of it."

He walked into the library. As he did so he heard a muffled exclamation and caught a glimpse of a skirt whisking through a door. An easy chair pulled up before an open bookcase caught his eye.

"Hello! I wonder who that was?"

He found a push button on the jamb. He put his thumb on it and waited.

"Did you ring, sir?" asked a sepulchral voice behind him.

Mr. Devine jumped and turned to see a solemn faced butler.

"Who else would ring if I didn't?" demanded the Cherub.

"No one, sir."

"Sure about that, are you?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"Well, I'm not. Some one just skipped out of this room as I came in. Who was it?"

"Likely one of the maids, sir."

"Do the maids have the run of the bookcase, eh? She was sitting here."

"Might have been the housekeeper, sir—Mrs. Timmins, sir."

"She's a reader, is she? Well, tell her not to be so skittish next time. It gives me the fidgets."

The man had retreated as silently and abruptly as he had come.

"Wonder if they're all that kind," commented the Cherub. "Guess I'll have to hang sleighbells on 'em if I want to indulge a case of nerves."

Dropping into the easy chair, he began reading the titles on the backs of the volumes before him. So all these books were his, were they? Well, that was odd. Some day he might want to do a little reading. He had always meant to, but—

Something white on the floor between the chair and the wall caught his eye. He stooped and picked up a handkerchief. It was a dainty affair, mostly lace, and there was an initial in the corner, an embroidered V with some sort of a little pointed crown above it.

"H-m-m!" said the Cherub. "V can't stand for Timmins."

Having made this subtle deduction, he pocketed the handkerchief and started to look for the factotum who was caretaker and superintendent and whose wife was the housekeeper.

"Timmins," said Mr. Devine, "what sized force are we carrying?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but"— Timmins caught himself abruptly. "Oh, you mean how many in help? Only five now, sir, outside of me and Mrs. Timmins."

"Five, eh—and two are seven? Let's see the payroll, will you?"

Timmins produced an account book in which were entered names, dates and amounts. Mr. Devine glanced hastily through the list.

"None of 'em seem to have a V in their names," suggested the Cherub.

"A V, sir?" Timmins' blank look was wholly convincing.

"Maybe you never heard of any one whose name began with a V, Timmins?"

"Oh, yes, sir. There was the Venables, sir, as used to visit here, and Volkenberg, who was one of the gardeners."

"That all?"

"There might be others, sir, if I could lay my tongue to"—

"Don't strain your memory, Timmins. It doesn't matter."

Yet when he had returned to the veranda to resume his contemplation of the vividly green lawn, over which the tree shadows were now lengthening, he could not rid himself of the notion that somewhere about this big house, of which he was trying to convince himself that he was the owner, was a person who had not thus far been accounted for. Moreover, the person was a woman. Mr. Devine moved uneasily in his chair.

Mr. Devine indulged in a chuckle at his own expense when he found himself seated alone in the big dining room, a single plate laid at the big round table and the candlelight barely suggesting the dim corners and the cavernous fireplace. It was with a sense of relief that he saw the butler emerge from the gloom.

"Let's see, what's your name?" he asked of this personage.

"Eppings, sir. Soup, sir?" Both reply and question were dismal, sepulchral in tone.

"Yes, I'll have some soup. Grandmother dead, is she?"

"Beg pardon, sir?" Eppings paused, with his hand on the tureen cover.

"Grandmother dead?" repeated Mr. Devine.

"She is, sir."

"Thought so. Mine is too. But cheer up. You'll get over it."

"Most hextraordinary man, the new master," reported Eppings in the servants' quarters. "Thinks I'm mourning for my grandmother when, bless me, the old lady's dead and gone these twenty years."

CHAPTER II.

MR. DEVINE ventured on little excursions out around the lawn, but keeping the lighted doorway in sight. He shuddered to think what would happen to him if he should lose it or some one should turn off the light.

He marveled at the increased bulk of the cottage.

"Looks as big as the Madison Square Garden," he commented. "Wonder how she'd show off if she was all lighted up?"

Then, getting a new angle, he perceived four yellow rectangles in an upper story. They were windows which faced the rear.

"That's where the help stays, eh?"

No, now that he remembered, the servants' quarters were in another wing. A few steps more brought it in view, and there were more lighted windows. He returned to cast a perplexed gaze at the four yellow rectangles. He could make out a shadow on one. It was the silhouette of a man's head, a man with a beard and eyeglasses. He seemed to be reading. Then another shadow flitted across the shade, a slighter, more graceful shape, evidently a woman's.

"Nothing ghostly about that," remarked the Cherub. "Am I in a boarding house or what?"

Finding a lawn seat, he swung it around, lighted a fresh cigar and leaned back to make a comfortable survey and reflect upon his discovery at leisure. Instead of one there were two persons for whom he could not account. Perhaps there were more—four, five, six, a dozen. Why not? Room was not lacking. True, he had been given to understand, both by Bulkins and by Timmins, that he had bought a house tenanted only by servants. But persons who read books in the library, dropped lace handkerchiefs and occupied rooms in the main portion of the house could not be servants.

The Cherub wondered and speculated and made wild guesses as to the identity of the persons in those upper rooms. Having no starting point, no clew to follow, he arrived nowhere.

"Give it up," he said. "Guess I'll go to bed."

Why he should rise at the unearthly hour of 6, however, he explained in quite a different way. He accused a few twittering sparrows of waking him. Perhaps, too, it was the sparrows which drove him out to make a circuit of the grounds. Quite incidentally he glanced up at the windows he had watched the night before. The closed shutters revealed nothing.

Finding a bench under a tree, he sat down and began to wonder how long it would be before he might call for his breakfast without seeming unseasonable. He was aroused by a crunch-crunch of footsteps on the gravel. Some one was walking down one of the intersecting paths.

During the brief instant that he stared he had a glimpse of a slender, big eyed young woman whose hair hung in a thick, dark braid over one shoulder. Across the hollow of her left arm was a sheaf of freshly cut flowers, in her right hand a pair of shears. And then she saw him.

"Oh!"

Down fell the roses. The shears clattered on the stones.

By the time he could scramble to his feet she had gathered up her flowers and the shears. She stood quite still, eying him with apprehensive expectation.

"Eh?" said the Cherub.

"I—I said nothing," replied the young woman.

"But you squealed, didn't you?"

"Possibly."

"Well, I was scared out of a year's growth. Next time you feel like squealing you might send me word, so I can brace myself. Live here, do you?"

"Why—er—that is—not exactly."

"Neither do I, thank the Lord! I just own the place. But don't mind me. Go ahead with your posy picking."

"You—you don't object to"—

"Great Scott, no! Cut 'em all if you like."

Only after she was out of sight did Mr. Devine realize that here was another person whose presence at Hewington Acres was not fully accounted for. She could not be one of the servants. He was sure of that. But when you find a person about the grounds of a private house, apparently quite at home, and they reply when asked if they live there, "Not exactly," what is one to infer? She couldn't be a guest. Who was there for her to visit? Nor a boarder.

"Strikes me I ought to take a census," commented the Cherub.

Going back to the house, he rang a bell until Eppings appeared, heavy eyed and lugubrious.

"Breakfast ready yet?"

"Breakfast, sir? It's rather early, sir, but"—

"Early! It's the middle of the forenoon. Go stir things up in the kitchen."

As Eppings departed the hall clock chimed 7. The Cherub grinned. He had not breakfasted at 7 for years. In less than an hour, though, breakfast was an accomplished fact, and Mr. Devine, now soothed by one of his black cigars, set out for a more extended tour of the grounds. He discovered the path leading to the sound and had spent some time on the porch of the boathouse watching the steamers and coasting vessels crawl past when Timmins came down, evidently in search of him.

"Maybe I didn't mention last night, sir," began Timmins suavely, "anything about the Hewingtons?"

"I guess you didn't, Timmins."

"The fact is, sir, they haven't gone."

"Haven't gone! Why, where are they?"

"Back at the house, sir. It's all on account of the old lady, sir, Mr. Hewington's sister, who has took so bad she couldn't be moved. Perhaps I—"

"It's all right. There's Mr. Hewington and his sick sister, is there? That all?"

"And the Countess Vecchi, sir."

"The which?" Mr. Devine grabbed the cigar from between his teeth and turned quickly on Timmins.

"The Countess Vecchi, sir, as stayed to look after the aunt. The countess is the married daughter, sir. The count's been dead two years, sir, and"—here Timmins coughed apologetically behind his hand—"the Hewingtons wa'n't precisely sorry to lose him."

"Not a howling success, eh?"

"Hardly, sir. The countess left him two hours after the wedding."

"She must be a hummer," observed the Cherub, and then reflectively: "Countesses are hardly in my line. Guess you can hook up pretty soon and drive me back to the station. I don't want to disturb the old lady."

"Lord, sir, you won't see any of them! No sooner did they hear you were coming than they moved into the top door of the east wing, and there they've shut themselves up like the house was quarantined. Besides, sir, there isn't another express you could get to the city until the 10:33 tonight."

"Oh, well, there's plenty of time then! Perhaps you'll be able to dig up some more reports before night."

Mr. Devine was thinking of the young person he had seen in the garden. It didn't matter who she was, of course, but it might be interesting to know.

The day passed, however, without further discoveries, although at any moment the Cherub was prepared to find himself confronted either by Mr. Hewington or the countess or the young woman of the roses or some wholly unknown person.

He had seated himself for another solitary and stately meal when a bell rang somewhere, and Eppings excused himself to answer it. Then ensued out in the reception hall a whispered conversation, part of which Mr. Devine could hardly avoid hearing, although he was certain it was not intended for his ears.

"Is that—that dreadful man in there?" asked a voice.

Eppings reappeared to announce impressively, "The Countess Vecchi, sir."

"Oh, the devil!" Mr. Devine grabbed his napkin end from between the second and third buttons of his waistcoat and dropped it across his left knee. He had a vague notion that all countesses were large, stout women, who wore crowns of some sort, ermine trimmed robes and a multitude of rings.

Through the doorway stepped the big eyed, slender young person whom he had seen before breakfast in the garden. She wore neither crown nor ermine robes. The braid of dark hair had been transformed into a simple but effective setting for the long oval of her face.

"Hello! You?" he exclaimed. "Say, honest, you aren't the countess, are you?"

She bowed an admission of the fact, evidently much disconcerted by this greeting.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" continued Mr. Devine. "Say, have a seat, won't you?"

She walked resolutely to the opposite end of the table from Mr. Devine and nervously clasped and unclasped her fingers as she spoke.

"My father wishes me to say that the serious condition of my aunt makes it impossible for us to leave the house at present. Just as soon as she improves we will go away."

"Oh, that's all right! Stay as long as you like."

"But we don't want to stay at all. My father wishes you to understand that. It—it is very painful for him to accept a favor, even toleration, from you. He charged me not to apologize, however, as the circumstances are beyond our control. I am not apologizing, you see, only explaining."

"Oh, you're doing fine!" said Mr. Devine, assuringly. "Anything else the old gentleman wants me to understand?"

"No; I think that is all, except that during your stay," continued the countess, "we shall keep to our rooms."

"Oh, you needn't do that!" protested Mr. Devine.

"But it is my father's desire," added the countess. "And we shall take all our meals there."

"Looks as if I didn't stand very well with your father," commented Mr. Devine. "Is there anything special?"

"He thinks that you are rather—that is, that you—you"— A sudden rush of color came into the olive shaded cheeks of the countess, and her brown eyes began to study the rug pattern. Mr. Devine suddenly decided that sometimes countesses were nice to look at.

"Yes," he said encouragingly, "rather what?"

"Well, rather wild and wicked and reckless, you know. He was afraid that you might become—er—intoxicated."

A cherubic expression spread over the pink and white face of Mr. Devine. "Thinks I'm a sort of a cross between a cowboy and a pirate, eh? Seems to know all about me too!"

"He has read about you in the newspapers," ventured the countess, with a shy, half curious glance which for an instant met the calm, level gaze of Mr. Devine's blue eyes.

"Oh!" The Cherub spoke as one who has seen a light. "Something about how I spent half a million in Paris one week, or was it a million?"

"Half a million, the paper said. But you won it all back at Monte Carlo the next week, didn't you? We read about the big poker game, too—the one that started in Liverpool and ended off Sandy Hook."

"That was a corker!"

"And the champagne supper you gave to forty chorus girls."

"Yes, I believe there were forty. You have certainly kept well posted."

"I—I suppose that I should explain," she began. "Papa, you see, is interested in sociology, the study of social conditions and all that. He reads books about it and gathers statistics. He is writing a pamphlet on the subject."

Mr. Devine nodded uncomprehendingly.

"He has been particularly interested in—in your career. In fact, he has made quite a study of it. He gets everything that is printed about you from a newspaper clipping bureau, and he has the pieces pasted in a big scrapbook."

"Must make lively reading."

"Oh, it does. Papa says that you are a typical product of the present commercial age."

"Well, that's nice of him. I've been called worse names."

"Of course"—here the countess nerved herself to look sternly at the smiling Mr. Devine—"he disapproves very strongly of you. He says it isn't simply that you spend so much money foolishly, but that you set such a bad example to other young men who cannot afford perhaps to follow it. Of course I know that the newspapers often exaggerate," admitted the countess. "Perhaps they have about you."

"Think so? Why?"

The Countess Vecchi gazed at the clear skinned, chubby face of Mr. Devine.

"Well, you don't look at all as I had expected."

"Horns and hoofs not in evidence?" chuckled the Cherub.

"You know what I mean," protested the countess. "One can usually recognize the marks of—of dissipation."

"Oh, you can't always tell by the looks!"

"No, you cannot," she said decidedly, "and papa is quite certain that you are an improper person."

"Too wicked for you to eat dinner with, am I?"

"Papa thinks so."

"And he has read the newspapers, eh? All right. But it's dull business eating alone."

"I couldn't make up for the absence of forty chorus girls." She delivered this parting shot over her shoulder.

But Mr. Devine had not seen the last of the countess for that night. In a moment she came back.

"I—I hope I did not say too much," she began, glancing timidly at him. "You are not offended, are you?"

Mr. Devine smiled reassuringly. "Do I look very savage?"

"I was afraid, you know, that on thinking it over about the clippings and so on you might be angry. If you should meet my father you wouldn't say anything about it, would you?"

There was a look in her eyes which

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

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Middletown and Portsmouth—6.47, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

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CHERUB DEVINE

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

somehow made the Cherub feel as if he had been shaking a club at her.

"Not a word from me. Why, I would act as if we were the best of friends."

"Papa, you know, is merely shocked and indignant at the wild things you do. He thinks that you should be restrained or punished, but I believe that perhaps it is all owing to the influences which surround you—your companions, you know, and the men you meet in business. They are not very nice men, are they?"

"Most of them manage to keep out of jail."

"Yes, of course. But, tell me, don't they drink heavily and gamble and—and do other things which they shouldn't?"

"Well, there are a good many high rollers in our bunch."

"And they lead you on to do as they do, don't they? And there isn't any one to tell you that you are worthy of better things? I knew it! But if you could be brought into contact with a different class, if you could mingle with persons in the higher grades of society, I am sure you would wish to live differently."

"Think I ought to go in for society, do you?" The Cherub's beaming face presented a picture of complacent interest.

"Well, in a way. Of course you would find it difficult to step at once into the best society, but you could make a beginning."

"I could work up, eh?"

"It would be slow, there is so much reserve about our best families. In fact, there are certain circles which you would probably find it impossible to enter."

"Couldn't break in with an ax, I suppose?"

The countess smiled. "You have such an odd way of putting things. It wouldn't be necessary for you to enter the most exclusive sets, but there are plenty of nice people that you could meet—that is, if you wanted to change your associates."

"You think it would be a good scheme, do you?"

"Oh, splendid! You'll not mind my speaking to you about it, will you? You see, I have wanted for a long time to do something of the kind for some one. Our bishop has urged me to go into home missionary work. I have tried, but the villagers here are so unresponsive that I haven't had much success."

"Well, you can try any kind of reform on me that you like."

"Oh, the bishop will be delighted when I tell him!"

"It's what you might call a stroke of luck for both of us, isn't it?" queried the Cherub. "But just how are you going to tackle the job?"

"I'm sure I don't know." Perplexity dwelt in the brown eyes for an instant. "It is my idea, you know, that personal influence and example count for a good deal. If I could only talk to you about your reckless habits"—

"Well, why not? There'll be all day tomorrow."

"But probably I shall not see you again. Papa doesn't expect me to."

"Oh, say, you're not going to stay shut up in your rooms all day, are you?"

"Except for a little walk in the garden right after breakfast."

"About 9 o'clock, eh? I'll be there."

"No, no, you mustn't! That is, you mustn't plan to be there. Of course if it should be purely by accident"—

"I'll see to that part of it, all right. You'll be in the garden, will you?"

The countess hesitated. Then she half whispered, "Possibly," gave him an elusive glance and fled as if to escape the results of her daring.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Tennyson's Love For Birds.

Alfred Tennyson was all his life a great lover of the woods and fields. Trees, birds and flowers were his everyday companions, and he faithfully studied the habits of Dame Nature's English nurslings. The lark, the nightingale, the owl and the linnet were his favorite birds. He was also greatly interested in the sea birds, the peregrine falcons, the cormorants, seagulls, etc., and in the long legged sea birds, the visitors to marshes and pools. He thought the curlew, of which he has written in "Locksley Hall," a very noble bird and loved its wild call over the marshes. There are many references to birds native to England in his poems, and all of them show a thorough acquaintance with the individual characteristics of the different species.

At Farringford the poet's garden was the home of the wild birds of the hedgerows. The blackbird and robin and the smaller birds flocked there in great numbers, and it was considered far more important that they should feel welcome there than that the fruit should be permitted to ripen undisturbed or the garden be kept in proper order.

Domesticated birds also Tennyson numbered among his friends. Brilliant peacocks and more sober doves and pigeons, he loved them all.

A Model.

"Oh, no," declared the younger one, "my husband never goes to clubs or any other places of amusement unless he can take me with him."

"Dear me! What a splendid man! How long have you been married?"

"It'll be seven weeks next Tuesday."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Reasonable Preference.

First Fair Invalid—Which kind of doctor do you prefer, the allopathic or the homeopathic? Second Fair Invalid—I prefer the sympathetic.—Fliegende Blatter

Made Very Clear.

Tommy—Pop, which is correct, "I shall" or "I will?" Tommy's Pop—It depends on the sex, my son. A man says "I shall" and a woman says "I will."—Philadelphia Record.

Make your life your monument.—Ben Jonson.

THE HORSE WON.

A Race With a Locomotive When Railroads Were New.

In 1822 the first charter was obtained for a railroad in the United States. It was for a line from Philadelphia to a point on the Susquehanna river, but was never built. On the announcement of the project some one asked one of the Baltimore newspapers, "What is a railroad, anyhow?" The editor was forced to reply that he did not know, but that "perhaps some other correspondent can tell."

Seven years later on the little wooden track along the Lackawanna creek the first locomotive had its trial. The experiment was far from successful, and for a number of years afterward the trains on most of the railroads continued to be drawn by horses. The first locomotive on the Baltimore and Ohio had sails attached. So did the cars. These sails were hoisted when the wind was in the right direction so as to help the locomotive.

The rivalry between the railroads using locomotives and those using horses was very bitter. In August, 1830, an actual trial of speed was held between a horse and one of the pioneer locomotives which did not result in favor of the locomotive. The race was on the Baltimore and Ohio, the locomotive being one built by Peter Cooper, who also acted as engine driver.

The horse, a gallant gray, was in the habit of pulling a car on a track parallel to that used by the locomotive. At first the gray had the better of the race, but when he was a quarter of a mile ahead Mr. Cooper succeeded in getting up enough steam to pass the horse amid terrific applause.

At that moment a band slipped from a pulley, and though Mr. Cooper lacerated his hands trying to replace it the engine stopped, the horse passed it and came in the winner."

As there were no brakes on the early trains, they used to stop and to start with jolts which threw the passengers across the car. The coupling was with chains, having two or three feet of slack, which the engine in starting took up with a series of fierce jerks. The shock on stopping was even worse and "never failed to send the passengers flying."

There were no whistles in the old days. Signals were given by pushing up the valve on the dome by hand and letting the steam escape with a loud hissing noise. On the New Castle and Frenchtown railroad when the signal was heard the slaves around the station would rush to the arriving train, seize hold of it and pull back with all their might while the agent stuck a piece of wood through a wheel.

There were so many collisions and explosions that some southern railroads introduced what they called a barrier car between the locomotive and the passenger coaches of the train. This barrier car consisted of a platform on wheels upon which were piled six bales of cotton, and it was claimed it would safeguard the passengers in two ways—it would protect them from the blowing up of the locomotive and would form a soft cushion upon which the passengers could land in the event of a collision. There is no record of how this experiment worked out.—American Cultivator.

His Critic.

What astonishes the visiting Briton most is the manner in which every kind of immigrant to the United States adapts himself to the prevailing ideas about Englishmen. In the course of conversation with the noble Italian who condescends to brighten shoes the visitor informed the bootblack that he was an Englishman—and Englishmen had a great respect for Italians and had entertained Garibaldi in grand style.

"Inglees! Ha, ha! Inglees!" said Diego in soft, musical tones. "Ha! They spik no good. Dey droppa da h'atch!"—Exchange.

No Encouragement.

The family had stood the long strain of Uncle Hobart's illness well, but the peculiarities of the physician chosen by Uncle Hobart himself had been, to say the least, trying. "Do you really think he will recover, Dr. Shaw?" asked the oldest sister of the invalid, who had borne with his vagaries patiently for years.

"I know how you feel, with Thanks giving coming on, and all," said the doctor, peering at her from under his shaggy eyebrows, "but it's too soon to tell. He may get well, and then again he may not. I can't encourage you yet either way."—Youth's Companion.

A Helpful Suggestion.

The young man had married the rich man's daughter and wasn't killing himself with work to support her. One day the father called him up to talk to him.

"Look here," he said emphatically, "why don't you go to work?"

"I don't have to," the son-in-law replied, with brazen effrontery.

"Well, you will have to."

"Why will I?"

"Because, sir, I can't live always to support you."

"But you will leave us something?"

"Not much, I won't. There won't be anything to leave."

The son-in-law was alarmed.

"Great Jupiter!" he exclaimed. "You don't mean to tell me that you have nothing?"

"That's about it."

The son-in-law devoted himself to profound thought for several seconds.

"I have a suggestion to offer," he said in a businesslike manner.

"What is it?" asked the old gent.

"Well, I suggest that you take out, say, a $20,000 life insurance on yourself to save wear and tear on my mind."—London Answers.

A Reflection on Him.

"Quarreled on their wedding day? Dreadful! And what about?"

"The bride's girl friends cried too vociferously to suit the bridegroom."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

To be vain of one's rank or place is to show that one is below it.—Stanislaus.

Deceiving the Widow.

A healthy looking woman dressed in deep mourning stepped on to the platform scales and requested the grocer's clerk to ascertain her weight. He looked and said, "One hundred and forty pounds."

"You made a mistake of twelve pounds in that woman's weight," said another man who had also watched the scales. "She weighed 152 pounds instead of 140."

"I know that," said the clerk, "but she never would have forgiven me if I had told her so. That woman's husband died about six weeks ago. She has gained seven pounds in that time, but to keep her in good humor with herself I had to make her think she had lost five. I don't know why it is, but anybody who has suffered bereavement seems to consider it a disgrace to take on flesh. That woman has been weighed three times since her husband died. She would be shocked if she knew she had gained right along. Fortunately she is too nearsighted to read the scales herself, so it is easy to make her think she is wasting away."—New York Press.

Law and the Queen.

The quaintness of many provisions of British law is curiously illustrated in the status of the queen of England. So far as her majesty's private business is concerned, she is not regarded by the laws and customs of England as a married woman at all. She is the only woman in Great Britain who does not come within the scope of the married woman's property act. The idea in all this is that affairs of state consume all the time of the king, and therefore no responsibility for the queen's private business rests upon him. If the queen contracted debts in her husband's name he would not be responsible for them, as any other husband in the United Kingdom would. The king cannot be sued for debt, but the queen can be. Should the king die, some authorities hold that the queen could not marry again, in case she wished to, without the license of the king's successor.—New York Tribune.

Dog Law in Constantinople.

"When one of the street dogs of Constantinople gets too old to be of use to the band the captain dog decides that he is to die," says Albert Bigelow Paine in Harper's Weekly. "A day comes when the captain issues an edict that he is no longer to have food. From that day until his death not a morsel passes his lips. With longing eyes he looks at the others eating, but he makes no attempt to join them. Now and again a bit of something falls his way. The temptation is too strong—he reaches toward the morsel. The captain, who overlooks nothing, gives a low growl. The dying creature shrinks back without a murmur. He knows the law. Perhaps he, too, was once a captain. The minister's wife told me that she had tried to feed one of those dying dogs, but that even when food was placed in front of him he would only look pleadingly at the captain and refuse to touch it."

Just Like a Woman.

A Boston physician was describing a week's drive that he took last fall through some of the most picturesque districts of New England.

"I saw much that was memorable and heard much that was worth remembering on this quiet, bucolic excursion.

"I remember an elderly justice of the peace in a beautiful New Hampshire village near Lake Sunapee. I stayed there all night with this fine, keen old man. He amused me and impressed me with his mordant humor.

"During the evening the question of the unreasonableness of womankind came up for discussion. 'Ah,' said the old justice, 'woman is unreasonable, very unreasonable indeed. In fact, there is no living creature so unreasonable as woman. I remember that my wife and I were talking over our affairs one day, and we agreed that it had come to the point where we must both economize.

"'Yes, my dear,' I said to my wife, 'we must both economize—both!'

"'Very well, Henry,' she said with a tired air of submission to an unpleasant condition, 'you shave yourself, and I'll cut your hair.'"—Boston Post.

Hymnological Ineptitude.

The story of a minister who held a religious meeting in a penitentiary and aroused the ire of the inmates by announcing as a hymn that one beginning "The dying thief rejoiced to see" is equaled by the tale of a local preacher whose church got in debt not long ago. A congregational meeting was held for the purpose of extricating it, and the chairman of the board of deacons, or whatever the financial body was, got up and stated the situation and ended by calling for a special collection to make up the deficit.

"I suggest that we sing a hymn," one of the members of the church suggested.

This idea was carried out, and the number of the song was announced. A smile overspread many faces, however, when they reached the line, "When we asunder part it gives us inward pain."

Nevertheless the "sundering" process was most successful and wasn't particularly painful either.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Freaks of Language.

A peculiar kind of blundering known as "folk etymology" is responsible for some of the queerest freaks of language. An easy example will make this clear. Our American word "carryall" for a kind of vehicle is not a compound of "carry" and "all," but a slight distortion of the French "carriole," a diminutive car. The change was made in obedience to the universal tendency to assimilate the unknown to the known, to make words mean something by associating them with others which they resemble in sound. Often there is no etymological relation between the words associated, as when sparrowgrass is made out of asparagus. This particular corruption was once in such good colloquial use that Walker, the lexicographer, wrote, "Sparrowgrass is so general that asparagus has an air of stiffness and

Honor in Wall Street.

One would hardly consider the New York Stock Exchange exactly in the light of "a communion of saints." Indeed, to judge by much that appears in the daily papers and the muck raking magazines, this might be the last place to look for the very soul and spirit of integrity. But there it is "in the midst of them." Between members of that marble mansion of trade in securities on New York's famous Broad street no paper writing passes certifying to the binding obligation of a transaction. In the very fiercest rush and maddest vortex of the wild corner a word, a nod, the merest sign, amply suffices. Whatever it may lead to—irreparable loss, ruin, bankruptcy, no matter—the deal is closed. I am not professing to be an apologist for whatever crimes may be committed in the name of honor. I simply record the fact, to be easily verified, that the dealings on that exchange are "on honor." The Corinthian fairness of its pillared and entablatured front is not shamed by the constant and consistent uprightness of the traffic within.—Christian Register.

A Tragedy in Writing.

Illegible handwriting, which has given rise to so many comedies, led to a tragedy in the case of Bacher, a musical enthusiast of the last century who devoted several years to the composition of a history of Viennese music. His task finished, he submitted the manuscript to the Austrian Imperial academy, which he had been led to believe would defray the cost of its publication. After three months his manuscript was returned. Despite their best efforts the members had been unable to decipher it. Bacher then endeavored to have his work copied, but every professional copyist who undertook the task had to confess himself baffled. He thereupon attempted dictating the work, only to find that even he could not decipher it, and, heartbroken at the discovery that his years of toil had proved fruitless, he attempted suicide and finished his days in a lunatic asylum.

Her Cab.

Mary Ann of Lancaster Gate, basement, was having a week off and had arrived back at her little native village to all her metropolitan paint and feathers.

It was a very little native village, and Mary Ann, after her many months' service in town, didn't think so very much of it. Even James, the station porter and her old sweetheart, seemed hopelessly insignificant, and instead of staggering him with the kiss that he expected she looked him up and down, comparing him with a certain gentleman whose acquaintance she had recently made and who wore plush breeches and silk stockings.

"Porter," she said grandly, "do you know if there is a cab here to convey me and my luggage home?"

"Well, I don't know about a cab," responded the staggered yokel, "but there's yer mother outside wi' a barrer!"—London Scraps.

A Strong Prescription.

Menelik, emperor of Abyssinia, often dabbled in medicine. Some years ago Mme. Steveniu, the wife of a prominent member of the French colony at Addis Abeba, was laid up with fever. Menelik inquired what treatment she was undergoing and expressed disapproval when he learned that she was being dosed with quinine. The following day a messenger called with a large pot of very rancid butter, accompanied by a letter from one of the emperor's secretaries stating that his royal master hoped that madame would take three glasses daily of the butter sent, which had been stored for two years and would be found an infallible remedy. The present was gratefully acknowledged and promptly buried, and when madame recovered Menelik took to himself the credit of her cure.

Effects of Drugs.

Persons employed in India rubber factories sometimes inhale bisulphide of carbon and suffer from frightful dreams of being murdered or of falling over precipices. Opium stimulates imagination; alcohol in excess excites dread and suspicion; hashresh, from which the word assassin was derived, produces homicidal mania. These drugs have a distinct effect upon the moral sense. Sometimes, as from alcohol, a coarse and stupid brutality is stimulated, or, as from morphia, a gloomy and morose temper, or, as from cocaine, while the manner remains gentle, the victim develops thieving and lying habits.

Blind Justice.

We meet our philosophical friend and observe that he is smiling contentedly.

"What has gone wrong now?" we ask.

"Nothing has gone wrong," he explains. "Something went right. Spriggans owed Hennett $10,000 and put his property in his wife's name so that Hennett couldn't collect."

"But that isn't anything unusual."

"And last night Mrs. Spriggans eloped with Hennett!"—Life.

Uncertainty.

"I am always horribly nervous when I buy a suit of clothes from a strange tailor."

"Yes; a person you don't know is hard to stand off."—Houston Post.

A Leading Part.

"My brother has a leading part in that drama."

"What part?"

"He leads a horse across the stage in the last act."

Some people are born foolish, some acquire foolishness and others thrust their foolishness upon us.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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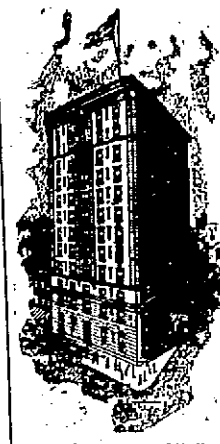
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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

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Saturday, March 12, 1910.

A public official of France has converted a million dollars of the public funds to his own account. They seem to know how to do these things abroad as well as in Framingham, Mass.

A Manchester, N. H., man found a lump of ambergris worth $30 000 while fishing in the St. Lawrence river a few days ago. This is probably one of the most profitable fishing trips on record.

Spring is coming. Next Thursday is St. Patrick's Day, a sure harbinger of Spring. It is to be hoped that the marchers on that day will be favored with better weather than they sometimes get in this latitude.

The women of Burlington, N. J., who are painting their church themselves because of lack of funds to hire men to do the work, are showing the right degree of spunk. Wonder if they took out union cards before starting the task.

A man has just been graduated from the Divinity School of Chicago University who began his studies in 1892. Ever since he has toiled for his education as a man of all work. He fought his way inch by inch through the University and then the Divinity School. He is now 38.

The Philadelphia street car strike does not seem to be nearing a conclusion. More violence has been reported in the last few days, and there are still a large number of men out, both from the street car company and from the sympathetic strikers. Both sides seem to be determined to carry the fight to a bitter conclusion.

Governor Pothier has affixed his signature to the act making Columbus Day, October 12th, a legal holiday in Rhode Island, which will give much satisfaction to a large number of residents of the State, especially those of Italian descent. Thus the oldest event in the history of America will be commemorated by a public holiday.

If Wilbur Wright should use Newport as the headquarters of his fleet of aeroplanes during the coming summer, as is reported to be his intention, it would be a big thing for the city. The number of visitors that would be attracted here by such an event would be immense, and if we had a place to keep them over night there would be crowds here all summer. The need of a good hotel is once more emphasized.

Pittsburg is still in the limelight. The latest affair in that lively city occurred on Thursday when two paymasters were robbed of $4000 and the robbers escaped over the hills with bloodhounds in pursuit. Pittsburg expects to get money quick, and those who can't get fortunes in iron and steel sometimes resort to the less delicate method of applying lead pipe to the top of the head. In any event, Pittsburg must stand prominently in the news of the day.

The peculiar license regulations in Chelsea will probably be watched with interest by people in all parts of the country. Some of the peculiar features of the regulations are the requirements that the time of passing of street cars shall be announced, that only one line of men shall stand at the bar at one time, and that no women shall be served. These are not provisions of the law but are regulations of the license commission, and it is a question whether they can be enforced in a court of law. Meanwhile the saloon keepers will have to do some interesting work to live up to the regulations.

The New Haven road is actively engaged in preparing plans for a tunnel under the hill in Fall River, giving direct communication between Providence and New Bedford for passengers and freight, and also giving better access to the towns on the Cape. Three routes have been investigated, one starting at the Fall River station, one at the Ferry street station, and one near the State line. This will be an expensive project but will give the places on the east side of Fall River such accommodations as to be worth the money. The New Haven is also planning to spend $16,000,000 in improving its terminal arrangements in Boston in connection with the Boston & Maine. A tunnel through the city of Boston between the two stations is in contemplation.

General Assembly.

The matter of greatest general interest before the General Assembly this week was the hearing given by the House committee on corporations on Friday in regard to the application for a charter for the New England Southern Railway, a subsidiary of the Grand Trunk. There was an immense crowd in attendance, and both sides were represented. There have been several other important hearings this week.

The act giving the town of Cranston a city charter has been passed in concurrence and has been signed by the Governor making Cranston the sixth city in the State. The Governor has also signed the act making Columbus Day a legal holiday.

The Senate has passed an act relative to the carrying on of business under a fictitious or assumed name, to prevent fraud in business. The Senate committee on special legislation has reported the woman suffrage measure without recommendation and this will come up in the Senate on Tuesday when oratory will very likely come forth. The House committee on militia has recommended an act amending the charter of the Newport Artillery Company.

The committees are all full of business and are making considerable progress toward clearing up the accumulation. More business has been transacted than at the same time last year, and the members are hoping for adjournment at a reasonable time.

St. Patrick's Day.

Next Thursday will be St. Patrick's Day, and the indications are that the celebration in Newport will be one of the largest ever seen here. Besides the Newport organizations which are expected to turn out with full ranks, there will be visitors from Fall River, New Bedford and other places.

The chief marshal of the street parade will be Mr. Edward C. Sullivan. The line will form on Washington square, and the route of march will be as follows: Broadway to Equality Park, West Broadway, Marlboro, Farewell, Thames, Bridge, Washington, Long wharf, Thames to Carroll avenue and countermarch to Narragansett avenue, Spring, Pelham, Bellevue, Kay, Rhode Island, Broadway to Washington square. This is a very long march.

It is expected that many of the business houses in the city will be closed for the day, but whether or not the closing will be as general as it was on Washington's Birthday is not known. It has been some years since Newport saw a general celebration of St. Patrick's Day, and it is the intention of the committee this year to make it a big one.

Owing to his advanced years, Mr. Asa Hildreth has felt compelled to relinquish the duties that have devolved upon him as secretary of several of the local Masonic bodies for many years. He had served for a long time as secretary of St. John's Lodge, secretary of Newport Royal Arch Chapter, and recorder of DeBlois Council, R. & S. M. All of these offices have now been filled by others, Mr. Hildreth declining to accept a re-election. Mr. Hildreth's many friends regret the loss of his valued services, of which he had given freely for so many years. He was well posted on all the details of the work of the various orders, and was deeply interested in all that pertained to them. Although compelled to give place to younger men in these offices, Mr. Hildreth is still an active man. He is able to be out on the street daily and is always glad to greet his friends, who hope that he may be spared for many years yet.

A conference has been held this week between the authorities at the Naval Training Station and the Newport commissioners on the new boulevard, in regard to the layout of the road through the government reservation. All the plans have been received from Washington, and call for a roadway 40 feet wide with a ten-foot sidewalk on the water side. The commissioners are very much pleased with the plans, and will make their own lines to correspond with those of the government.

The Abuse of Pinchotism.

(Portland Oregonian.)

Pinchot conservation bears heavily on the growth of the Western country and evidence of this truth is seen in retarded settlement of new land in Government areas. People of Oregon and Washington and other States are awakening to realization of what the locking up of vast quantities of their State land in forest reserves and in "withdrawals"—in addition to what greedy railroads and wagon-road companies and timber syndicates hold-means to the detriment of their progress.

Recently three strong protests from widely separated districts of the Pacific Northwest were printed in the Oregonian. These articles were spontaneous contributions of their authors, and their coincidence was evidence of the contemporaneous thinking of the people. One from Spokane, issued by the Western Conservation League, complained that Pinchot conservation violates the Constitution and the statutes of the United States, which guarantee the States the authority which the Pinchot bureau has assumed; another, from the Oregonian's correspondent in Olympia, explained how the State of Washington is prevented from administrating its school lands by the reserve policy of the Forestry Bureau; the third narrated how would-be-homesteaders are driven away from Government land, that the laws say they may enter and claim, by forest rangers, special agents and inspectors.

This is the essence of Pinchotism. Yet, in the strife between Pinchot and Ballinger, it appears only indirectly. For the "investigation" resolves about the Government and the public as a citizen and as an official. Ballinger has not undertaken any great curtailment of forest reserve activity or area; probably because amid the present storm he sees no effective way of winning and does not wish conflict with another department of the Government. To the extent, however, that he has declared determination to act wholly within the law, he has challenged Pinchot conservation. Should he carry that purpose to logical conclusion, he ought to become a champion of State conservation.

"Why don't you give your wife an allowance?" "I tried that once, and she spent it before I could borrow it back."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C, March 10, 1910.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent March 14 to 18,, warm wave 13 to 17, cool wave 15 to 20. This is expected to be the most important disturbance of the month. Within 36 hours of sunset March 16 that storm and all the other five storm waves on other parts of the earth will reach their greatest force. These six storm waves, located around earth about 2500 miles apart, will receive their first great impulse within 36 hours of noon, March 12. This will be the last winter storm, as spring begins at close of March 21, and it will be one of the most severe disturbances of the winter.

The great increase of storm energy near March 12 will probably affect eastern sections of the continent and the Pacific coast, that of March 16 will affect the great central valleys, the North Pacific and North Atlantic oceans.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about March 18, cross Pacific slope by close of 19, great central valleys 20 to 22, eastern section 23. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about March 18, great central valleys 20, eastern sections 22. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about March 21, great central valleys 23, eastern states 25.

This will be a radical disturbance on Pacific slope about March 18 and will gradually lose force as it progresses eastward. While temperatures will fluctuate the trend will be downward from about March 16 to 25 and this last described disturbance will be followed by some unusually cold weather for the season.

THE COMET.

All other matters of interest must, for two months, give first place to our celestial visitor, Halley's comet. People are generally inclined to treat the comet question as a kind of a joke or a subject of merriment and that is probably the better way.

But there is a serious side. It will be the most interesting celestial event that can occur and such as we will never see again. It brings us face to face with the greatest of problems, the origin of the universe, or that part of it included in our cluster of stars.

Astronomers and other great scientists are not agreed on these questions; they widely differ. I hold to the atomic theory, that all bodies in the universe have grown from atoms by slow accretions; that comets are formed far out in space away from the light and attractions of other bodies, or where these attractions are evenly balanced, and are drawn into our system of stars and into our solar system by the onward march of our cluster.

Every one of the twenty or more moons of our solar system, as I see it, were comets. Our moon was a comet much like and much greater than Halley's and must have struck and lost its atmosphere to the earth.

There are many features in physical geography and in geology, not explainable under old theories, that become clear when we accept the theories above mentioned.

Election of Officers.

DeBlois Council, No. 5, R. & S. M.

T. I. M.—George Metcalfe.
D. M.—Robert Frame.
P. C. of W.—J. Irving Shapley.
Treasurer—Andrew K. McMahon.
Recorder—Thomas W. Wood.
Chaplain—Robert S. Franklin.
C. of G.—A. J. MacIver.
C. of C.—Herbert W. Smith.
Steward—Henry L. Burbidge.
Sentinel—J. Gottlieb Spingler.

Miantonomi Club.

President—Anthony Stewart.
Members of the Board of Governors for Three Years—Dr. William S. Greene, Jere I. Greene, Edward A. Sherman, George N. Buckhout.

"Jones," said the veterinary surgeon, who had called to attend Jones' pet dog, "you should take better care of this canine's teeth." "Why," asked Jones, "do you think they are becoming decayed?" "No," answered the veterinary, "but just as I came in he put most of them in my leg."—St. Louis Star.

WOMAN GETS $5000, THEN FALLS DEAD

Action of Heart Is Stopped by Excessive Joy

South Norwalk, Conn., March 11.—"Killed by excessive joy" was the verdict in the case of Mrs. Mary E. Hendrick, who dropped dead here.

Mrs. Hendrick had just received $5000 in cash for some property from Zenus C. Bush, the purchaser. As the bills were counted out in her hand her face flushed and when the last yellowback dropped Mrs. Hendrick gave a sigh and sank to the floor. She never spoke or moved afterward.

The coroner states that joy her heart's action. Mrs. who was 59 years old, left a family.

STICKS TO HUSBAND

Mrs. Hyde Turns Against Mother In Swope Poison Case

Kansas City, March 11.—It has developed that during the trial of Dr. B. C. Hyde on a charge of poisoning Colonel Thomas H. Swope the prosecution will attempt to show that, following a suggestion made to her, Mrs. Hyde bequeathed all her property to her husband.

Under the will of Swope Mrs. Hyde is a beneficiary to the amount of more than $300,000. She is standing by her husband against her mother, Mrs. Logan O. Swope, who is backing the prosecution.

AT THE AGE OF 102

Faithful Old Servant of Roosevelt Family Dies at Oyster Bay

Oyster Bay, L. I., March 11.—Alfred Davis, a negro pensioner of Theodore Roosevelt, died last evening at the age of 102 years.

Davis entered the employ of Colonel Roosevelt's father upward of fifty years ago and remained in the employment of the family until old age impaired his faculties. Of late years

Washington Matters.

Considerable Opposition to the Postal Savings Bank, but Soon Expected to Become a Law—It is Thought That the Change of Inaugural Day to the Last Thursday in April will Soon become a Permanent Fixture—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., March 11, 1910.

It is now expected that one of the most important bills, that relating to the postal savings bank, will become a law during the present month. There has been considerable opposition to the bill, mainly from Democratic and insurgent sources. Many amendments have been presented and some of them accepted. Senator Root of New York, in advocacy of the bill, has made the most forcible speech of his Senatorial career. It is understood that he voices the views of the President. It is expected that the bill will add greatly to the strength of the financial situation in this country, and the fact that it has long been in use in conservative foreign countries will recommend it to reflecting people in America.

It is thought also that the bill fixing the last Thursday in April for a new inaugural day, will be adopted. Changing the date for the inauguration of a president from the 4th of March to the later date involves an amendment to the constitution of the United States, and will therefore have to receive a two-thirds vote of Congress and a majority vote of three-fourths of the forty-six states through their legislatures, before it can become a law. The change in date is of the greatest importance, for the weather on March 4th is seldom pleasant, and occasionally, as on the day of President Grant's second inauguration and last 4th of March, it is bitterly cold and tempestuous. The National Capital is rapidly growing in improvements and accomodations for visitors and also in accessibility to all parts of the country, and the travel to the city for the quadrennial inaugural event is steadily increasing in volume. It becomes of importance, not so much to the citizens of Washington, most of whom have at least bed and board, but to the two or three hundred thousand visitors who come here to witness the imposing ceremonies and parade attendant upon the inauguration of the President-elect.

Thirty or forty years ago there was serious consideration of a project to remove the national capital farther west, or nearer the geographical center. This project or dream has long since been abandoned. Nothing but a disruption of the country or a revolutionary upheaval can be able to fix the capital elsewhere, and in such an event there would be more than one, and perhaps more than half a dozen capitals in the Disunited States. Distance is no longer a geographical question, but a question of time, and Washington is quite as accessible by steam, electricity and gasoline, to say nothing of the aeroplane, as any other locality in the Union. The capital is becoming more and more firmly rooted by millions spent for marble and granite offices in which the stupendous work of the nation is transacted. A bill is now under consideration in the Senate for the appropriation of twenty thousand dollars to be raised by 2 per cent. government bonds for the erection of needed government offices. At present the government is paying from ten to seventeen per cent annually on the value of inferior rented buildings necessary for desk and file rooms for the thousands of government employes who make their homes here. That to pay ten or seventeen per cent for a poor building when the government can get the better building for 2 per cent. is not business like, may be demonstrated to a child.

The whole country by this time must have heard of a somewhat unique undertaking, the building of a memorial temple in Washington in honor of the Father of his Country. The undertaking is unique only in the fact that a woman, Mrs. Dimmick, is most active in urging it, that it has the enthusiastic and active approval of the President, of Senator Root and of many men distinguished in national affairs. The proposal is that it shall be built by the school-children of the United States, and already the contributions, mostly in dimes, amount to a very respectable sum in dollars.

The building is to take the form of an immense assembly hall to which the many conventions now making Washington the center for their deliberations shall find free access. The conventions now coming to Washington must rent halls. It is proposed that this building shall be so arranged that many conventions, if desired, may hold simultaneous meetings in smaller annexed halls, but all sufficiently large to accomodate large meetings.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Shell Fisheries.

ROCKY POINT OYSTER CO., a corporation chartered under the laws of Rhode Island, doing business in the city of Providence, makes application for 500 acres of oyster ground in Narragansett Bay, southerly and westerly of Hope Island and near the same. Also for 300 acres northerly and westerly of Conanicut Island and near the same.

Richard A. Robertson of Providence makes application for 150 acres of oyster ground in the Sakonnet River east of the channel between Fogland Point and High Hill Point.

FRIDAY, March 18, 1910, at 11 o'clock a. m., at the office of the Commissioners of Shell Fisheries, State House, Providence, is hereby appointed the time and place for the consideration of the same.

PHILIP H. WILBOUR,
JOHN H. NORTHUP,
EDWARD ATCHISON,
SAMUEL P. BOWDEN,
JOHN G. WILCOX,
Commissioners of Shell Fisheries.

3-5-2w

Carr's List.

AN IMPERIAL MARRIAGE,
By Arthur W. Marchmont.
THE HAVEN,
By Eden Phillpotts.
THE FORTUNE HUNTER,
By Louis Joseph Vance.
THE LIVING MUMMY,
By Ambrose Pratt.
AN APPEAL TO THE BOY,
By Dr. William H. Peters.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

Charles G. Gates, the financier, summed up neatly, at the Calumet club in Chicago, the failure of a Chicago broker.

"He failed," said Mr. Gates, "because his motto was—

"'If a man is worth doing at all, he is worth doing well.'"

Novice—They tell me that a man can't go into politics and remain honest. Old stager—Yes, he can. But it isn't necessary.—Chicago Tribune.

KIDNAPS HIS CHILDREN

Boston Man Gets Away With Them in Sensational Manner

Boston, March 11.—An impending divorce suit instituted by Mrs. Franklin H. Warren had a highly sensational turn yesterday afternoon, when her husband, a business man, stole two children from the home of his mother-in-law at 43 Stanton street, Dorchester, during the absence of Mrs. Warren.

Three men accompanied Warren in a taxicab to the residence, which is in a fashionable section of the district.

Although Mrs. A. H. Gillis, the mother-in-law, attacked the men single handed and roused the neighbors with her outcries, the abductors vanished in the same quick way that they had descended on the house.

Access was gained to the house through subterfuge. Under pretence of looking over the property, which is for sale, two of the men, who accompanied Warren, were admitted by Mrs. Gillis, Warren remaining hidden in the taxicab until later.

The police were notified and detectives scoured the city last night in an effort to gain a clue of the whereabouts of the children, who are Adrienne, aged 4, and Phyllis, 3 years old.

DEATH OF DR. KLOPSCH

Editor Had Raised Millions of Dollars For Suffering Humanity

New York, March 8.—Dr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor and editor of The Christian Herald, died as the result of an operation performed on March 2. He was taken ill three weeks ago at his home with acute gastritis and became gradually worse until he was removed to a hospital on March 1.

It has been said of Klopsch that since he became proprietor of The Christian Herald, in 1892, he has obtained through that organ $3,300,000, and distributed it in international charities. He had been honored by many nations for his efforts in behalf of humanity.

Dr. Klopsch was born in Germany in March, 1852, and came to this country as a young man. In 1886, in this city, he married Miss May E. Merritt, daughter of a clergyman.

WEEKLY ALMANAC

MARCH 1910 — STANDARD TIME

		Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water Morn's	High water Eve's
12	Sat	6 10	6 2 7	7 20	8 18	8 35
13	Sun	6 17	6 3 8	8 56	9 05	9 22
14	Mon	6 15	6 6	10 13	9 51	10 10
15	Tues	6 13	6 6	11 22	10 43	11 02
16	Wed	6 12	6 7	mo'n	11 38	
17	Thurs	6 11	6 8	0 19	12 02	12 43
18	Fri	6 9	6 9	1 02	1 08	1 51

Last Quarter, 4d day, 2h. 52m., morning
New Moon, 11d day, 7h. 12m., morning
First Quarter 17d day, 10h. 37m., evening
Full Moon 25d day, 9h. 21m., evening.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses, furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

132 Bellevue Avenue Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1837.

He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

Deaths.

In this city, 4th inst., at the residence of his brother, Edward Henry, 8 West Narragansett avenue, John Cushing, son of the late David and Elizabeth Cushing.

In this city, 4th inst., Marie Charlotte, widow of Charles R. Soderman, aged 75 years.

In this city, 6th inst., Edward Scott, aged 75 years.

In this city, 6th inst., Romeo Lenzini, aged 50 years.

In this city, 6th inst., at her residence 5 Lee's wharf, Catherine M., widow of John Blake.

In this city, 7th inst., at the residence of her son-in-law, Dr. F. R. Warden, Mrs. Margaret Colville.

In this city, 7th inst., Robert K., son of the late Isaac N. and Sarah W. Stoddard, in his 60th year.

In this city, 9th inst., at the residence of her brother-in-law, Patrick Shea, 24 McAllister street, Catherine, widow of John D. Shea.

In this city, 10th inst., Betsy Z., widow of John Rock, and daughter of the late Elymas and Hagar Reeve, of Matticut, L. I., in the 83 th year of her age.

In Middletown, 7th inst., Nancy Hoar, widow of Richard H. Peckham.

In East Greenwich, 9th inst., Thomas A. Reynolds, in his 63d year.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Middletown.

An unusually large gathering filled the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday to attend the funeral of Mr. Benjamin Wyatt. The pastor, Rev. Clayton E. Delamater, conducted the funeral services which were specially impressive both at the church and the grave. Two hymns were sung by the church quartette, Messrs. Wm. J. and John H. Peckham, and Mrs. Ida M. Brown and Mrs. John H. Peckham.

Following the opening prayer, Mr. Delamater read various selected passages of Scripture speaking briefly upon them. He referred specially to the unusual period of years which Mr. Wyatt had lived, of his simple Christian faith which was a sustaining power to the end, and that the closing of the life here meant but the beginning of a new life "there." The poem, "Not dead but forever living unto Thee," was given, and Mr. Delamater read the burial service for the dead and pronounced the benediction.

A delegation of 25 members under Marshal Howard R. Peckham from Oakland Lodge No. 32, I. O. O. F., of Portsmouth escorted the body to the grave where the Masonic burial service was conducted, Mr. J. Fred Sherman acting as Chaplain assisted by Albert S. Walker. Coronet Council No. 63, Royal Arcanum, was represented by 7 members including Regent H. S. Brown and Past Regents A. K. McMahon and John P. Peckham.

The bearers were all members of Oakland Lodge; Chaplain Rowland Chase, William Sisson, Robert Patterson (of Newport) and N. Horace Peckham. The casket was entirely covered in floral tributes and bore the Masonic regalia. Mr. Wyatt was laid in the family lot, beside his wife, in the Middletown Cemetery. The gathering was a representative one and included friends from all over the Island and a number from out of town. Mr. Wyatt's only daughter, Georgiana, wife of L. F. Whittier of Mount Vernon, Maine, was not present as the family were unable to reach here in season to attend the funeral.

Mrs. Richard Henry Peckham, who has been in poor health for some time, owing to her advanced age, was taken suddenly ill on Monday becoming unconscious at noon and passing away about 3.30 in the afternoon, at her home on Green End Hill.

Mrs. Nancy Peabody Peckham was the second daughter (in a family of three) of the late Caleb and Rhoda Peabody of Middletown and was born April 22 1822. She was the last of her family to go.

With the exception of some years spent in Tiverton, nearly her entire married life was passed in the house where she died. Of her 12 children, 7 survive her; Mrs. Henry Durfee of Tiverton, Jeremiah D. Peckham of Fall River, Enos Peckham of Middletown, Mrs. James Shaw of Fall River, Henry C. Peckham of Middletown, Mrs. Harry Isaler of Newport, Mrs. Harry Maitland of Newport. There are also 14 grandchildren and 26 great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Peckham was of a pleasing and Christian character, of quick wit, and great determination, and was universally respected and esteemed. The funeral was held at the home-stead on Wednesday afternoon, the services being of extreme simplicity. They were conducted by Rev. W. F. Geisler of the Thames St. M. E. Church, Newport.

The burial was in the family lot at the Island Cemetery, Newport, and was private. The bearers were two of her sons, Jeremiah D. Peckham and Enos P. Peckham, two sons-in-law, Messrs. Harry Isaler and Harry Maitland of Newport, and two of the grandsons, Messrs. Richard and Melville Peckham. This was the second death in this family within two months, Mr. Henry C. Peckham, the 3d son (who lives next door), having buried his wife from the same house on January 10.

Senator and Mrs. Frank T. Peckham of the West Main Road have the sympathy of the entire community in the loss of their oldest child Nellie, a young girl of 17. During the past 2 years she has been subject to many ill turns although apparently of a robust constitution. Repeated colds this spring have aggravated her condition so that no hopes were entertained of a recovery and she passed away on Wednesday afternoon at the home of her parents where she has always resided.

The continued illness in so many families and the frequent storms have resulted in the postponement of the weekly meetings of the Paradise Reading Club for the past two weeks.

The Oliphant Reading Club will be entertained on Friday afternoon by Mrs. Elizabeth H. Simmons West Main Road who will present as her subject, "The Land of the Heather and Robert Burns."

A number of families are moving and several more expect to change farms upon March 25th.

Mr. Brown and his family were standing in front of the lion cage.

"Jonh," said Mrs. Brown, "if those animals were to escape, whom would you save first—me or the children?"

"Me," answered John without hesitation."

Blobbs—Harduppe says he owes everything to his wife. Slobbs—Harduppe is a double distilled prevaricator. He owes $10 to me.—Philadelphia Record.

Private Wires. Tel. 1820

B. O. GROSS,

COMMISSION STOCK BROKER!

Mercury Building,

Newport, R. I.

Correspondent of EDWARD ALTEMUS, member of the Consolidated Stock Exchange, of Philadelphia.

Stocks and bonds bought and sold for cash or carried on margin.

9-25-tf

SHOES

FOR EVERY NEED, AT

THE

T. Mumford Seabury

COMPANY,

214 Thames Street.

STRIKERS ARE BEATEN BACK

Not Allowed to March on Philadelphia City Hall

DEMONSTRATION IS A FAILURE

Authorities Feared Invasion of City's Central Districts by Ten Thousand People Who Had Been Prevented From Holding Open Air Meeting In Baseball Park—Strike Leaders Object to "High-Handed Methods"

Philadelphia, March 11.—The sixth day of the general strike in sympathy with the striking carmen of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit company witnessed but one incident of importance, an attempt to make the center of the city the scene of a big demonstration in aid of the strikers' cause.

The police blocked the attempt by "high-handed methods" and "brutal, unwarranted force," the strike leaders claim in statements issued last night; by "lawful and justifiable means" and with "no more force than was necessary" to check what might have been a serious disturbance of the peace, the authorities assert.

"March on the city hall" is a slogan which has been heard before in disturbances here. Suspecting that the crowd of 10,000 or more persons who had been prevented from holding an open air meeting in the National league baseball park would take up the indicated line of march, the authorities took efficient measures to prevent the invasion of the city's central districts by what it was feared might prove a turbulent mob.

Lines of police with active clubs partially halted the marchers on their way down Broad street, more than two miles from the objective point, and a mile farther down they broke up the parade altogether. Half a dozen persons were injured in the onslaught and twenty arrests were made.

Crowds of unwonted proportions thronged the spaces about the city hall until well toward nightfall, but there was no organized demonstration.

There were a few scattered points where disturbances of minor character broke out Thursday. Flying stones broke window glass in a number of cars. But more cars were operated than on any other day since the strike began—1140 the company reported.

Spread of the general strike to a state-wide extent is still considered a distant possibility.

The strikers gained yesterday by accessions from the Baldwin Locomotive Works of upward of 500 men. On the other hand, various manufacturers reported the return to work of many hands who had gone out. An obvious defection from the strikers' ranks was that of 100 or more taxicab chauffeurs.

SHELLED AND FROZEN

Four Tons of Bad Eggs Seized In Storage Warehouse at Boston

Boston, March 10.—Federal authorities seized more than four tons of decomposed eggs at the Quincy cold storage warehouse which had been shipped by the Max Mailer company of Chicago for use in Boston bakeries.

The eggs had been shelled, put into 574 cans and frozen. The value of the shipment is $1500, but would be worth $3000 if the eggs were fresh. If confiscated, the food inspectors will denaturize the eggs by means of carbolic acid and sell them to tanners for leather finishing.

TSCHAIKOVSKY IS FREED

Court Convicts Mme. Breshkovskaya and Sends Her to Siberia

St. Petersburg, March 10.—Nicholas Tschaikovsky, who was being tried on the charge of criminal activity in the revolutionary organization, was acquitted here.

Madame Breshkovskaya, who was being tried at the same time, was convicted and sentenced to be exiled to Siberia.

Move Against Americans

San Juan, P. R., March 11.—The house of delegates adopted a resolution ordering the Americans who are members of the executive council to vacate the government buildings now used by them as residences.

Leaves $5000 For Socialism

Haverhill, Mass., March 11.—Through the death of Elizabeth G. Bradley, which occurred Feb. 10, the cause of Socialism will receive about $5000 according to her will, filed in the probate court.

House Passes Postal Bill

Washington, March 9.—The postoffice bill, carrying appropriations aggregating $241,000,000, or about $6,000,000 more than the appropriations for the current year, was passed by the house.

Income Tax Rejected In Virginia

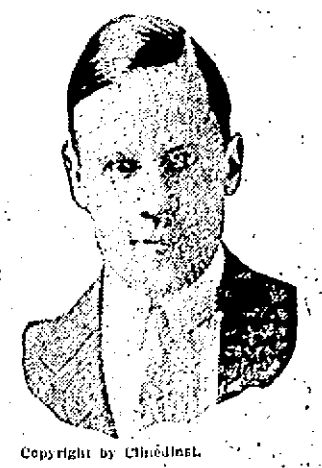
Richmond, March 9.—The Virginia house of delegates rejected the proposed income tax amendment by a vote of 54 to 37.

Thousands of Elk Starving

Cheyenne, Wyo., March 11.—Governor Brooks and three other state officers have left for the Jackson's Hole country to look after the thousands of wild elk said to be starving because of the deep snow. It will require ten days to make the journey over the mountains in sleds and on snowshoes.

P. C. KNOX, JR.

He Received a Cold Shoulder From Parents



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ELOPERS "GET THE HOOK"

Parental Blessing From Secretary Knox Is Not Forthcoming

Washington, March 9.—The marriage of Philander C. Knox, Jr., has not made a "hit" with his family, he announced after the door of his father's house had been closed in his face and he and his bride were told to go back "where they came from."

Instead of a flood of congratulations and "bless you, my children," Secretary of State Knox was extremely wrathy when his son called to "square things," and expressed his feelings over the elopement with extreme vigor, so the bridegroom rejoined his bride at the Arlington, where he had left her with her mother, and now the bridal party will go back to Providence, and the groom is going to work, if he can find any.

BANKER TIED UP AND DISFIGURED

Punished For Being Caught In Home of John Cudahy

Kansas City, March 7.—Finding Jere F. Lillis, a millionaire local banker, in his home when he arrived unexpectedly at an early hour Sunday, John P. Cudahy, a wealthy packer and a son of Michael Cudahy, the Chicago millionaire, is alleged to have committed an assault upon the man, which led to his arrest on a charge of disturbing the peace. He was released on $100 bonds.

Lillis is in St. Mary's hospital. His condition is said to be critical. Cuts said to have been inflicted with a knife are on his face, limbs and one arm. If he recovers he will be disfigured for life, it is averred by physicians.

Before cutting Lillis, Cudahy is said to have bound him with a strong rope. One of Cudahy's chauffeurs was present.

HER BRAIN AFFECTED

Prima Donna of Boston Opera Falls Unconscious In Street

Boston, March 10.—Mme. Mathilde Lewicka, one of the soprano singers of the Boston Opera company, was picked up unconscious on the sidewalk outside the opera house in a serious condition. Dr. DeAmezage, who is attending her, says that the singer has broken down because of the hard work of the season and overstudy and that her brain is seriously affected.

When the prima donna was brought into the opera house she appeared to be dying. For some hours it was believed that her condition was critical, but Dr. DeAmezage says that he believes that eventually she will recover.

COUNT IS HELD UP

Released at Ellis Island, However, When He "Produces the Goods"

New York, March 11.—By request of the Italian consul general, Count Arturo Tagalini of Florence, Italy, was detained at Ellis island by the immigration officers. His father had written the consul general that he had run away from home.

But the count, on examination, was able to prove that he was 22 years old, and had $10,000 in cash in his pocket, and he was quickly released.

Prefers Ball Field to Pulpit

Peoria, Ills., March 8.—Rev. George Schoeder, pastor of the First Congregational church at Elmwood, has been selected as umpire in the Illinois and Michigan league. He tendered his resignation to the congregation

Farman's New Record

Paris, March 7.—A new world's aeroplane record was established at Mourmal by Henri Farman, in a machine of his own construction. He flew an hour and two minutes with two passengers.

'Tis an Ill Wind, Etc.

Paris, March 11.—Paris, probably for centuries, was never cleaner than today, for the recent flood has cleaned it thoroughly. Health statistics prove that conditions were never better.

Foolish Question.

"Some one stole every blessed stocking off our line."

"What are blessed stockings?"

"Those which are not darned, of course."—Exchange.

Great characters shine out through small crevices.

COUNTERFEIT DEN IN BOSTON

United States Officers Make Unexpected Descent Upon It

SOME FINE DETECTIVE WORK

Three Men Arrested Simultaneously In Different Parts of City Had Been Trailed For Months—Plant In Heart of Business District Reveals Mystery of Great Flood of Spurious Dimes In the Metropolis

Boston, March 9.—A gang of counterfeiters, composed of well-known Boston men, who have been carrying on their operations almost within the shadow of the federal building, were last night pounced upon by United States officers, who gathered in supposed members in various parts of the city.

The men arrested are: Frederick Hartung, 30 years old; William Sample, 41 years old, and Robert E. Sample, brother of William. Their capture followed a raid made at 185 Franklin street by four secret service agents and three United States deputy marshals.

A counterfeiting plant was found in the Franklin street building capable of turning out the spurious 1908 ten-cent pieces which have been flooding the city.

William Sample, who is a watchmaker and jeweler, was taken into custody at the plant. When searched four of the spurious coins were found in Sample's pockets.

Robert Sample, who is a jeweler, was arrested at his home in Dorchester, where he is ill with rheumatism. Owing to the fact that he was unable to leave his bed, a guard was established about his home, which is a three-apartment house. Robert has a wife and two children.

Hartung, who is a die maker, was arrested at the automobile show.

The building where the plant is located is in the very heart of the down-town business district. Its proximity to the postoffice, where secret service agents are located, would be sufficient, it was believed, to keep all but the most daring counterfeiters away.

That very belief apparently was taken advantage of by the men to ward off suspicion from their plant.

The plant consisted of a seven-foot press, a rolling machine, a gas forge and an air blower. In a small safe in one corner of the room about ten pounds of raw silver and two pounds of copper alloy were found.

Although the coins are spurious they are actually worth more than the regular government coins. The law provides that silver 10-cent pieces shall contain only nine-tenths of their weight in silver. This is due to the fact that they were all made from sheet silver, which is always made slightly above the legal standard.

The raid and the arrests were the result of a fine piece of detective work. For over three months Chief Murphy has had the men trailed from their home to the counterfeiting plant, and back again, through the shopping district, and even to the restaurants which they patronized, without arousing the slightest suspicion that they were being followed. The arrests yesterday were made almost simultaneously, so that the victims were taken thoroughly unprepared.

HELD IN $10,000 EACH

Sample and Hartung Arraigned on Charge of Counterfeiting

Boston, March 10.—Two of the three alleged counterfeiters, William Sample and Frederick Hartung, were held in $10,000 each by Commissioner Hayes for a hearing on March 17. A plea of not guilty was entered for each defendant.

Robert E. Sample, a brother of William, who is also under arrest, was not brought before the commissioner because of illness, and the secret service men have a guard about his home. He will be arraigned as soon as he is sufficiently improved to stand the trip to the federal building.

Sample Taken to Jail

Boston, March 11.—Robert Sample of Dorchester, accused of being a counterfeiter, was taken from his home by the federal authorities, who have been guarding him recently, to the Charles street jail to join his confederates, in spite of his sickness.

Coffee Merchant a Suicide

Athol, Mass., March 11.—Depressed by business reverses, Samuel A. Holmes, a tea and coffee merchant, killed himself in his home here with a pistol. He leaves a widow and three children.

Wouldn't Let Comet Kill Him

Budapest, March 11.—Adam Toma, a land owner in the district of Sozozona, committed suicide through fear of Halley's comet. He said he preferred to die by his own hand than be killed by a star.

Bullet In His Head

Providence, March 11.—A three-day search for Charles F. Buffum of Pascoag was ended when his body, with a bullet hole in the head, was found on the edge of the woods in Burrillville.

An Effort to Console.

"Yes," said Mrs. Plummerton, "my ancestors were among the country's first settlers."

"Well," answered Mrs. Cumrox consolingly, "the social and educational facilities in those days must have been rather crude, but I don't believe in heredity."—Washington Star.

MOTHER INSTANTLY KILLED

Minister Is Critically Injured When His Horse Runs Away

Providence, March 11.—Rev. Theophilus H. Root, pastor of the Wood River Junction Congregational church, was probably fatally hurt and his mother, Mrs. Mary E. W. Root, was instantly killed in a runaway accident while returning in a carriage from a parishional call.

A stray dog, which barked at the horse, was the direct cause of the fatality. Mrs. Root was thrown out and landed on a sharp stone at the road side, dying almost instantly. She was 73 years old.

Mr. Root tried to pull up the frightened animal, but failed, being thrown out himself a few feet further along the road. He is in a critical condition.

CASH LEGACY OF $180,000

It Comes to "Bob" Ingersoll's Widow as Result of a Long Lawsuit

Boston, March 8.—Mrs. Robert G. Ingersoll, widow of the famous agnostic, comes into possession of $180,000 in cash as a legacy from her husband's labors, by a payment made by John H. Leyson of Butte, Mont., administrator of the Andrew J. Davis estate.

Litigation over an old Ingersoll law fee has been in the courts for a long time, the case being that of Cornue, Root, Cummings and Palmer against the Davis estate. Recently the United States circuit court directed judgment for $195,651.93, and Leyson handed Clerk Darling a check for that amount, of which the sum named goes to Mrs. Ingersoll.

BEGUN HIS THEFTS EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO

Hall Robbed Southbridge Bank When First Employed

Southbridge, Mass., March 10.—John A. Hall, deposed treasurer of the Southbridge Savings bank after defalcations of $640,000 were discovered, began to steal from the bank even before he was promoted to be treasurer. This fact was divulged by the legislative committee investigating the bank, who found a shortage of $20,000 before he became treasurer.

Hall, the experts have found, took $100 in the first month that he worked in the bank eighteen years ago while a young man of 26. The theft was never discovered by the bank officials and evidently induced Hall to believe that he could go on at will stealing, for he had taken $20,000 when he was promoted from a clerkship.

Hyde Out on $100,000 Bail

Kansas City, March 9.—Dr. B. C. Hyde, charged with murder and attempted murder in the Swope case, was released from the county jail after furnishing bond in the sum of $100,000.

Divided on Income Tax

Richmond, March 11.—The Virginia senate adopted the federal income tax proposal by a vote of 19 to 4. The house of delegates a few days ago voted against the proposition.

Aviator Hurt and Machine Wrecked

Pau, France, March 11.—M. Loraine fell with a Bleriot monoplane, in which he was flying at a height of thirty feet, and was badly hurt. The aeroplane was demolished.

CUTICURA CURED HIS SORE EYES

When 63 Years Old Eye-Balls and Lids Became Terribly Inflamed—Was Unable to Go About—Home Remedies and Professional Treatment were Equally Unsuccessful.

TOOK FRIEND'S ADVICE; HAS NO MORE TROUBLE

"About two years ago my eyes got in such a condition that I was unable to go about. They were terribly inflamed, both the balls and lids. I tried home remedies without relief. Then I decided to go to our family physician, but he didn't help them. Then I tried two more of our most prominent physicians, but my eyes grew continually worse. At this time a friend of mine advised me to try Cuticura Ointment, and after using it about one week my eyes were considerably improved and in two weeks they were almost well. They have never given me any trouble since. I was then sixty-three years old and am now sixty-five. I shall never fail to speak a word of praise for the Cuticura Remedies when I have an opportunity, and I trust that this letter may be the means of others being cured as I have been. G. B. Halsey, Mouth of Wilson, Grayson Co., Va., Apr. 4, 1908."

SKINS ON FIRE

With Torturing, Disfiguring Eczemas, Rashes

And other itching, burning, bleeding, scaly and crusted skin and scalp humors are instantly relieved, and speedily cured, in the majority of cases, by warm baths with Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the skin, gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment, purest and sweetest of emollients, to soothe and heal the skin, and mild doses of Cuticura Resolvent (liquid or pills), to purify the blood. Guaranteed absolutely pure and may be used from the hour of birth.



Cuticura Soap (25c.), Ointment (50c.), Resolvent (50c.), and Chocolate Coated Pills (25c.), are sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5, Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; South Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, Natal, etc.; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 137 Columbus Ave., Boston.

Mailed Free, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

CONDENSED STATEMENT

—OF THE—

Newport Trust Company,

At the close of business January 31, 1910.

ASSETS.

Stocks and Bonds	$745,417 57
Loans and Discounts	566,046 16
Banking House & Safe Deposit Vaults	169,000 00
Due from National Banks and Trust Co.'s	86,204 29
Due from Treasurer U. S.	5,000 00
Cash	91,497 18
	$1,663,165 20

LIABILITIES.

Capital	$300,000 00
Surplus and Profits	123,975 05
Deposits	1,239,190 15
	$1,366,165 20

ANGUS McLEOD, President.
THOMAS P. PECKHAM, Vice President.
EDWARD A. SHERMAN, Treasurer.

Malta-Vita Corn Flakes

LARGE PACKAGE 5 CENTS.

American Club Canned Goods,

Nothing Better in the Market.

PEAS, TOMATOES, BEANS, BEETS.

S. S. THOMPSON,

172 176 BROADWAY.

SCHREIER'S,

143 Thames Street

Great Bargain Sale From Now On In

MILLINERY

OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF

Fall and Winter Goods

TO BE SOLD FAR BELOW COST.

Ladies will do well to call and see the bargains we are offering.

Choice Selection of Millinery.

CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.



With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file a Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculists' prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 8:30 a. m.—5:30 p. m.

Furnished Cottages

TO RENT AT

BLOCK ISLAND.

H. S. MILLIKIN,

Real Estate Agent.

PERRY HOUSE,

WASHINGTON SQUARE.

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

Under entirely new management.
Newly furnished rates with bath up to date
Rates, $1 up Special Rates by the Week.
F. H. WISWELL, Proprietor.

"When you first saw Niagara Falls, did you feel that almost irresistible impulse to throw yourself over the precipice that so many experience?" "No I hadn't seen my hotel-bill yet."

Cashier—You'll have to bring some one to identify you before we can cash this check. Got any friends in the town. Stranger—Not one, I'm the tax collector.—Exchange.

Cleveland House

27 CLARKE STREET.

The most modern and up to date House in the City.

A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.

Rates, $2.00 Per Day.

SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

Apply to
2-3 CORNELIUS MORIARTY, Prop'r.

A Full Line of all the

NEW

AND

Improved Varieties

OF

VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

Fernando Barker.

Home Course In Domestic Science

XII.—Hints on Home Laundering.

By EDITH G. CHARLTON,

In Charge of Domestic Economy, Iowa State College.

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TOO many women the laundry is the least interesting part of the home, and often the weekly washing and ironing are the work most dreaded by the entire family. In fact, in many homes they prove to be the one insurmountable task, and because no other solution is found for the problem the washing is sent to the laundry or is done in any way and by any one so long as it is taken out of the house. Why the washing and ironing should prove such unpleasant work as to cause both mistress and maid to rebel against it has always been a mystery to me. I can explain it only by the natural supposition that neither knows how to do it well and that the possibilities for doing the work quickly, easily and thoroughly are few in most houses. We generally find that a properly equipped laundry is among the last things to be added to the house and that in the majority of cases a tub or two, perhaps a washing machine of possible merit and occasionally a wringer comprise the average washing outfit in private homes of moderate means. And, small as that equipment is, it can be made to give very satisfactory results if a little knowledge and intelligence are brought to the task. The trouble is most women do not like to wash because they have not been taught to do it properly and because they make extremely hard work of it. They appreciate to some degree fine fabrics and dainty clothing, but they do not, as a rule, appreciate these to the extent that makes them desirous of preserving materials and colors.

While it is difficult at any time and in almost any locality to obtain well trained helpers for housework, it is often an easier task to get a good cook or housemaid than it is to find a first



WASHING NOT UNATTRACTIVE.

class laundress. Because of this it is all the more necessary that the mistress of the house should be familiar with fabrics and how to cleanse them.

The Modern Laundry Equipment.

Whenever possible the laundry should be a separate apartment in even small houses. It may be located in the basement or adjoining the kitchen; but, wherever it is, the room should be well lighted and well ventilated and should have a good floor and hard finished walls. There should be no soft or porous material used in the laundry to absorb moisture. For a small home laundry the following list of furnishings will be found sufficient:

Three or four tubs, stationary if possible, made of soapstone, enamel or porcelain; a good washing machine, clothes wringer, clothes stick, clothes boiler, tin or copper; zinc or glass washboard, clothespins (kept in box or basket), water pail, clothes basket, scrubbing brush, large granite spoon, galvanized iron clothesline, skirt, sleeve and bosom boards for ironing, ironing blanket, mangle and several good irons of different weights. An electric or even a good gasoline iron is such a valuable labor saving device that its first cost should seldom be considered, because it very soon more than repays it. Besides this amount of furnishing a number of common substances for removing stains of various kinds should always be on hand. Among those most frequently needed may be mentioned borax, ammonia, salt, vinegar, alum, naphtha, muriatic and oxalic acid. These should be kept in a closed box and out of the reach of children, as some of them are poisonous. Wax, blueing, starch, French chalk and javelle water are also often needed in the laundry, and if a supply of them is kept on hand time and effort may be saved on washing day. A valuable addition to this equipment would be an electric or water motor with which to run the washing machine, wringer and mangle. With such an addition it is possible for one woman to finish a large washing with comparatively little outlay of strength.

Removing Ordinary Stains.

Washing is the mechanical cleansing of clothes to remove all impurities and dirt. To do this four simple, short rules should be kept in mind—viz:

Get out all the dirt.

Keep all articles a good color.

Use nothing to injure the material either mechanically or chemically.

Have some definite knowledge of different fabrics in order to treat each in the way least likely to injure or change its character.

Unsatisfactory results in laundry work can often be traced to carelessness in preparing the various articles to be washed. Too often articles coarse and fine, white and colored, are put into the suds together without the slightest attention to such preliminary steps in the process as sorting, removing stains, temperature and soapiness of the water. After such indiscriminate preparation what wonder if fine muslins are soon torn or made yellow, if stains are made permanent and the entire washing takes on a dingy hue!

Before any article is sent to the wash it should be examined and all stains carefully removed. This requires care and some knowledge of chemicals and their action on fabrics and stains. All stains cannot be removed by the same substance or in the same way, and yet it is remarkable how many different kinds of stains may be removed by cold water alone. For this reason I recommend that all articles be soaked in cold water for fifteen minutes or longer before being put into the washing suds. The white pieces should, of course, be kept by themselves, and if there is any question about the fastness of any color a little salt and vinegar added to the cold water will help to set it. Alum added to the rinsing water will make the color still more permanent. The following are general directions for removing stains of various kinds:

Tea and Coffee.—Spread the stained part over a bowl and pour boiling water over it from a height.

Chocolate and Cocoa.—Wash first in cold water, then rinse and pour boiling water through it.

Fruit.—Many fruit stains may be softened and dissolved by alcohol. If heated the alcohol will be more effective. For peach stain it may be necessary to use diluted muriatic acid or sulphur fumes. Boiling water will remove fresh stains of small fruits.

Grass.—Alcohol will dissolve the green coloring matter. Washing with naphtha soap and warm water or spreading on a paste made of soap and baking soda will also remove grass stains.

Grease or Oil.—Soak first in cold water, then wash with cold water and soap, then dry and if necessary use other agents. Chloroform or ether will remove grease from fabrics which cannot be washed.

Wine.—Put a thick layer of salt over the stain from red wine while fresh, then pour boiling water over it. If a yellow wine wash first with cold water, then with soap and water.

Ink.—If stain is on a white garment put to soak for several days in milk, changing frequently. Red ink poured over the black will remove the black stain. The red may be washed out in cold water and ammonia, then boiled. Equal parts of peroxide of hydrogen and ammonia may remove fresh stains. Oxalic acid will remove old ink stains from white garments. Salt and cold water may be used in fresh stains on delicate colors.

Iron Rust.—If fresh, lemon juice, salt and strong sunlight may remove stain, but generally it is better to use muriatic acid at once. Spread the stain over a bowl containing a fairly strong solution of borax and water or soda and water. Drop muriatic acid on the stain a little at a time until it darkens, then rinse thoroughly in the borax and water.

Mildew.—This is a mold growing on the fiber of the cloth. If fresh it may be removed by wetting in strong soapsuds or covering with a mixture of chalk and salt and bleaching in strong sunlight for several hours. Old mildew stains can rarely be removed without injuring the fabric.

Milk or Cream.—Wash out with cold water and later use soap and cold water.

Paint or Tar.—If fresh and washable use soap and water or rinse in turpentine, then wash. If not washable use gasoline. If dry soften with lard or oil, then treat as for fresh paint.

Perspiration.—Use cold water and soap and put the garment in the sun for several hours. The perspiration under the arms is different from that of the rest of the body and requires diluted muriatic acid to neutralize it.

Sugar of Gum.—Dissolve with warm water if washable, with alcohol if not washable.

Blood.—Soak in cold water, then rub out in fresh tepid water. If very dry soak and wash out or use peroxide of hydrogen or javelle water.

A word of caution is necessary when using acids to remove stains. These should not be used on colored fabrics, and after using on any white article always rinse thoroughly in borax and water or ammonia and water and afterward in clear water. Javelle water is an excellent bleaching agent which will often remove old stains. It is easily made and may be kept indefinitely in glass bottles in a cool, dark place.

Javelle Water.—Dissolve one pound of salsoda in two quarts of boiling water, then add one-fourth of a pound of chloride of lime. Stir with wooden stick until lumps are broken, then let stand several hours to settle. Pour off clear liquid and bottle for use. For bleaching purposes use one-half to one cupful to one pail of water. Always rinse thoroughly in ammonia water. To remove stains brush over with javelle water full strength, then rinse quickly in ammonia water.

Some practical suggestions for washing silks, woolens and laces, starching, etc., will be given in a later article.

Unreasonable.

She—I don't see why you should hesitate to marry on $3,000 a year. Papa says my gowns never cost more than that. He—But, my dear, we must have something to eat. She (petulantly)—Isn't that just like a man? Always thinking of his stomach.—Boston Transcript.

Why?

When a mother tells her boy he is getting to be just like his father he knows well that it is not intended as a compliment.

In Awful Shape.

"Why don't you go to work?"

"I'm so dead tired of doing nothing that I'm too tired to do anything."—Cleveland Leader.

PLUCKING LIVE GEESE

An Operation Necessary to Procure Good Feathers.

LOCKING THE BIRDS' WINGS.

This Trick Performed and Their Legs Bandaged Together, the Helpless Geese Are Ready, If Not Willing, Victims For the Expert Pickers.

"Yes," said a manufacturer and dealer in bed furnishings, "it is necessary that goose feathers should be taken from the live goose if we are to study the health and comfort of people who think they must have feather beds and pillows. Dead goose feathers are not much better than husks to lie on and have not that great virtue of husks—wholesomeness.

"They say it doesn't hurt a goose to pluck it, but it seems to me that one might as well say that it wouldn't hurt a man to have his whiskers yanked out by the handful. The reason they give for believing a goose doesn't suffer when its feathers are being plucked out of it is that it never squawks or squeaks or makes a fuss while the plucking is going on.

"Now, I believe it hurts a goose like the mischief to have its feathers pulled out, coming as they do from the tenderest spots on its body, and the reason the fowl doesn't utter any protest prompted by pain is, according to the way I have sized geese up, because it is such a blame fool. A goose will squawk and clatter and cackle as if it were suffering more agony than a horse with the colic just at the mere sight of you, but if you corner it up and pelt it with stones it seems to forget that it has a voice and will take all the punishment you give it without a further word.

"The Pennsylvania Dutch farmers pluck geese today just the same as their forbears did time out of mind, and I don't know as there is any other way. It certainly couldn't be made any pleasanter for the goose unless the plucker held chloroform or something like that to its nose while the plucking was going on. The geese to be bereft of their feathers are first got together in an inclosure used for the purpose. The perspicacity of geese may be strikingly made known to you when they are being rounded up in such an inclosure if there should happen to be a knothole in one end of it, the door being at the other. That door may be six feet high and three broad, but goose after goose will ignore it and try its best to get through the knothole. Induced, though, to try the door, every goose will bob its head down as it passes through for fear of knocking it against the top of the door jamb, six feet above.

"There is a man or a boy in every neighborhood where geese are plucked who is an expert in getting the goose ready for the process. Not every one can do that. The wings of the goose have to be locked together by a peculiar arrangement of the two near the shoulder, and, while they are not tied or fastened in any other way, the lock is such that no goose can unlock it. The goose's feet are tied together with a broad band of soft muslin. Then it is ready for the plucker.

"The pluckers, who are almost always women, go among the geese with their heads and faces entirely covered with hoods fastened around the neck with a shirr string. There are holes in the hoods for the eyes and also at the nose to supply fresh air for breathing. From the neck down the pickers are covered with a glazed muslin garment to which no feather or down will cling. The pluckers will sit on low stools around a large and perfectly dry tub. Each takes in her lap a goose made helpless by its interlocked wings and bound legs and with rapid plying of her fingers separates the feathers from it. This is done with such skill, though, that the plucker rarely breaks the goose's skin or causes blood to follow the plucking out of a feather. The air is constantly filled with the light feathers during the plucking, but they settle into the tub at last.

"But there isn't as much call for the goose to undergo this raping of its feathers as there used to be. Not one pound of goose feathers is used today where there were fifty pounds twenty-five years ago. Odd as it may seem, asthma and hay fever long ago began to have a good deal to do with decreasing the demand for feather beds and pillows. It was discovered that asthma and hay fever had an affinity for such couches and head rests; that nothing would start an asthmatic off for a cheerful night's wheezing so quickly as a feather bed. This discovery spread, and the goose owes a great deal of its later day comfort to the asthma."—Detroit Free Press.

He Was a Good Mixer.

There used to be a popular minister in Indianapolis who was well known in Louisville. He was pastor of one of the leading churches of the city. He was built on the plan of the late Henry George, whose motto was, "I am for men." This Indianapolis preacher was what is called a "good mixer." One day he stopped in a blacksmith shop to chat with the workmen. During the visit a florid faced man of prosperous appearance came into the shop. He and the minister began chatting, but neither knew the other's line of business. They became good friends in a few minutes. Finally the florid faced man produced his card, which announced that he was in the saloon business on West street.

"Come down to my place any time," he said, "and I'll show you a good time."

"All right," replied the minister, "and, by the way, I'm running a pretty good place myself. Come and see me, and I'll show you a good time."

"I'll sure do that," said the other. "But, by the way, where is your joint?"

"My joint," was the reply, "is the First Presbyterian church. Just inquire for Myron W. Weed, the pastor, and I'll be at your service."—Louisville Times.

Spohr and the Violin.

Louis Spohr, the greatest of all German violinists and a man whose name is otherwise indelibly written on the pages of musical history, was born at Brunswick on April 5, 1784. Just fifteen days after his great contemporary and rival, Nicolo Paganini, first saw the light of the world. Two greater contrasts than these two men could not be imagined. Paganini, the brilliant, dazzling, comet-like apparition, overawed the masses, for whose favor he made a high bid, while the German, the serious, dignified, deep artist, appealed to the connoisseurs and cultured musicians. Spohr both by precept and example exerted a tremendous influence on violin playing and violin composition and, in fact, on composition in general. The greatest musicians of his day stood in awe of him, and even Richard Wagner, after Spohr had produced "The Flying Dutchman" at Cassel in 1813, where he was then conductor of the opera, in a letter written to the great violinist displayed a sense of gratitude of which in later years he seemed incapable. Spohr died at Cassel in 1859.—Argonaut.

Tit For Tat.

A newspaper man who called on a local manufacturer the other day to pay a friendly visit found the latter in no mood for friendly calls. He was in a white heat.

"What's the matter?" asked the visitor. "You don't seem pleased to see me."

"Oh, I would be pleased to see you," said the other, "if I wasn't so mighty mad at the meanest piece of petty holdup I ever saw. Here's a check from a fellow who owed me a bill for ninety days, and darned if he hasn't mailed the check at last and subtracted the 2 cents for the postage stamp that brought the letter."

"Can you beat that?" exclaimed the visitor as he eyed the check.

"I can," said the other as he reached for a telegraph blank. "I am going to wire him a receipt in full, and I'll wire it collect."—Newark Call.

Supreme Court Ways.

When the supreme court of the United States assembles at 12 o'clock on each Monday the room is filled with lawyers, clerks, newspaper men and spectators. Routine announcements are made by the chief justice in a voice no one can understand. Decisions of great moment are rendered by other justices in mumbled words which are not heard. Lawyers, clerks, newspaper men and spectators stare hard at the honorable justice who may be talking or reading, some with hands curved into a round board so that they can catch a few words if possible. But no one in the courtroom shouts "Louder!" No one would last very long if he did. And should a person be sentenced for contempt of the supreme court it would be the end. As an old colored employee once said, "Dere ain't no appeal from dis cote."—St. Louis Star.

Swallowed and Climbed.

A woman newly rich was invited to an aristocratic dinner party. During the course of fowl and salad this woman noticed with dismay a fat, furry caterpillar on her topmost leaf of lettuce. Glancing up, she met her aristocratic hostess' eye. The hostess, too, had seen the caterpillar. Her gaze implored the guest to save the dinner from catastrophe. The guest gave her hostess a reassuring smile. Then she doubled a lettuce leaf around the caterpillar and swallowed it calmly. The look of awe and gratitude that her hostess gave her was an assurance that her footing in society was at last firmly established.

"Did you think," said Mrs. Newlyrich to her daughter afterward, "that I'd lose a chance of establishing the family socially for a little thing like a caterpillar?"

Spanish Surnames.

In addition to three or four Christian names the Spanish child bears the combined family names of his father and mother. When the surnames are doubled or connected by the y, meaning "and," the first is the more important one and the only one that may be taken alone, for it is in the father's name, while the last is in the name of the mother. In Spain they know no "senior" and "junior." Father and son may bear the same Christian name, but each takes his own mother's name as a distinction, the father being, for instance, Pedro Diaz y Castillo and the son Pedro Diaz y Blanco.

O'Connell's Big Head.

Thackeray was six feet two inches in height, and Sir H. W. Lucy says the great novelist wore a seven and five-eighth inch hat, beating Dickens and John Bright by a full half inch. Mr. Gladstone's hat was of seven and three-eighth inch measurement—the same as Macaulay's—while Beaconsfield needed a full seven inch. The hat of Daniel O'Connell, however, would have beaten them all, measuring eight and one-half inches by ten inches.

Laughter Saved the Ship.

Humor has been credited with the saving of many things, but perhaps never before has a ship been saved by its judicious application. In a great storm many years ago a ship's crew were all at prayers when a boy burst into a fit of violent laughter. Being reproved for his ill timed mirth and asked the reason for it, he said, "Why, I was laughing to think what a hissing the boatswain's red nose will make when it comes in contact with the water." This ludicrous remark set the crew laughing, inspired them with new spirits, and by a great exertion they brought the vessel safely into port.—Liverpool Post.

Two Narrow Escapes.

An Irishman, seeing a vessel very heavily laden and scarcely above the water's edge, exclaimed, "Upon my sowl, if the river was but a little higher the ship would go to the bottom!"

"See there!" exclaimed the returned Irish soldier to the gaping crowd as he exhibited with some pride his tall hat with a bullet hole in it. "Look at that hole, will ye! Ye see, if it had been a low crowned hat I should have been killed outright."

Simply a Man Hunt.

"I declare!" shouted a bellboy to one of the big downtown hotels as he dashed into the lobby.

"I declare!" he shrieked again, or at least it sounded like that.

An irascible old gentleman whose eardrums were jarred by the shrill screech wheeled about and glared at the boy.

"I declare!" he piped louder than before.

"Well, what's the answer?" demanded the old man gruffly.

"I declare!" came the shrill reply.

"Oh, you do, eh?" snorted the old fellow. "Well, why the deuce don't you?"

The bellboy cast a withering glance at him, gazed searchingly about the room and emitted a shrill "Declare!"

"Say," exclaimed the old chap, collaring the boy, "what the dickens is wrong with you, anyway? Are you going crazy?"

"Naw, I ain't goin' crazy," replied the brass buttoned one. "I got a telegram for 'em; that's all. Aw, look for yerself," exclaimed the boy disgustedly as he shoved the yellow envelope under the old fellow's nose. It was addressed "I. D. Clair."

"Well, I declare!" gasped the old man weakly as he sank into his seat.—Pittsburg Gazette.

Show Windows In Austria.

The Austrian shopkeeper takes great pride in having his window dressed in an attractive manner and the glass perfectly clean at all times, no matter how small the shop or how small the city. Frequently the greater part of the stock of merchandise is displayed in the windows of the smaller shops. It is much less difficult to make attractive displays than in American stores, as windows open outward on hinges. Even heavy plate glass windows ten to fifteen feet square are so arranged and dressed from the street instead of from the inside, as in America. The large windows are usually arranged in the morning before many pedestrians are on the street. The wall space between shops is frequently rented by owners of adjoining stores and arranged to appear like windows, giving the appearance of being a large shop. When one wishes to examine an article displayed in a window the proprietor or clerk goes to the street with a key, unlocks the window and takes out the article, then locks his window again.

The Only Difference.

Clorinda was as black as night and of heroic proportions, but in every possible way she copied her slender young mistress, for whom she had a great admiration. "I like to look jes' as much like you as I can," she often said, "'cause you looks jes' like a lady orter look, Mis' Hend'son."

Clorinda intrusted all her shopping to Mrs. Henderson and scorned the bright colors and pronounced styles affected by her own friends. One day she asked her mistress to buy her a pair of low shoes. As she made the request she glanced with admiration at the slim little foot showing beneath the edge of a dainty skirt.

"An' I want 'em jes' exactly like yours, Mis' Hend'son," said Clorinda. "no diff'rence 'ceptin' they's gotter be wide ones, so maybe dé buckle might 'pear better if 'twas a teenty mite larger'n yours."—Youth's Companion.

Father's Method.

During a recent slight illness the five-year-old Teddy, usually so amiable, flatly and obstinately refused to take his medicine. After a somewhat prolonged and ineffectual argument with him his mother at last set the glass of medicine down, leaned her head on her hands and "played" that she was crying. A moment passed, and the tender hearted Teddy, unable longer to bear the sight of his mother's stricken attitude, inquired, "What's the matter, mother, dear?" Without removing her hands from her eyes she replied, "I'm grieved that my son won't take his castor oil for me." Whereupon Teddy sat up in bed and offered consolingly: "Oh, I wouldn't feel bad if I were you, mother, dear. Father will be home soon, and he'll make me take it."—Delineator.

Bunching the Hits.

A legal journal tells a story of an Illinois attorney who argued to the court one after another a series of very weak points, none of which seemed to the court to have any merit until the court finally said, "Mr. ——, do you think there is anything in these points?" To which the attorney replied, "Well, judge, perhaps there isn't much in any one of them alone, but I didn't know but your honor would kind of bunch them."

Had Authority.

A case was being tried before the late Lord Young, "Crabbe versus Crabbe."

"I may explain, my lud," said the advocate, "that my client Crabbe is a nephew of our opponent Crabbie, but a few years ago he dropped the 'I' in his name for the sake of euphony."

"Ah," replied Lord Young, "he has Biblical authority for that—'If thy "I" offend thee, pluck it out.'"—Westminster Gazette.

Different Now.

"They say his wife was the inspiration of some of his best plays."

"Yes; he produced them before he was married."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Significant.

Tom—Do you think your father dislikes me? Tess—Well, he gave the dog's chain and muzzle away yesterday.

It were endless to dispute upon everything that is disputable.—Penn.

His Temper.

"My dear," said a lady to her husband, "there must be a lot of iron in your system."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because you invariably lose your temper when you get hot!"

HIS NOSE WAS SAFE.

But His Nerves Were In a State of Cold Chill Collapse.

"I was sitting on the veranda of a mining town hotel one afternoon a good many years ago," said a veteran engineer, "and was lazily smoking one of the nicest meerschaum pipes you ever saw when out of the tail of my eye I saw that a bad man down at the other end of the veranda had his gun sighted at me. They were a wild lot around there, and I couldn't tell whether he meant to shoot me or the pipe. The chances were in favor of the pipe, however, and it seemed a good chance to test my nerve. I made up my mind to let him shoot and to pretend a careless air, but I'm telling you in the ten or fifteen seconds of waiting the sweat came out at every pore, and my heart pounded my ribs sore. I felt a sort of tick at the bowl of the pipe, heard the crack of the gun and knew that a bullet had passed through the pipe. I got a brace with my hands and feet and waited for a second bullet, and it went through the bowl after the first. I sat there until his fourth bullet had hit the pipe and knocked the bowl off the stem, and then the shooter sauntered up to me and laughingly said:

"'Excuse me, stranger, but I thought it was imitation.'

"'Same as you are,' I replied.

"My gibe hurt him, but he was man enough to tell everybody about my nerve, and the boys chipped in sufficient nuggets to buy me a new fifty dollar pipe. Say, do you know what happened to me when I made an excuse to go upstairs after my old corncob? I had no sooner got into my room than my knees gave out, chills galloped up my spine, and I'll be hanged if I didn't faint away and lie there for ten minutes. It had suddenly occurred to me that the bowl of that pipe was only six inches from my nose while the fellow was doing his shooting, and I have not yet got over touching my nasal organ now and then to see if it is safe."

A TIRED MUSICIAN.

How Strauss Once Snubbed a Russian Court Dignitary.

When Johann Strauss took his orchestra to Russia he had some unusual experiences not generally vouchsafed to those who live outside an autocratic government.

One day he received the czarina's commands to play before her at her summer resort and was told on arriving there that he would have to rehearse his program three times before the performance. He begged to know the reason for that, but no explanation was given him. These were her majesty's orders, and he could only comply. Still, his astonishment grew when he saw during the three rehearsals an empty court carriage drawn by a pair of horses slowly going back and forth in front of his orchestra.

Throughout the final performance the mysterious act was explained. The empress, having a sharp attack of gout, was obliged to recline in the carriage, her foot on a cushion, while the concert took place, and the object of rehearsal had been to accustom the horses to a full string band lest they should take fright and bolt with her.

At the end of the performance an exalted dignitary of the court bade Strauss follow him to a splendid grand piano, saying:

"Now be good enough to play me all the newest Vienna music."

Although he was pretty fatigued by his three rehearsals and state performance, Strauss thought it expedient to comply, but after he had played continuously for over an hour he stopped, saying, "I presume that will be sufficient?"

"I am not at all tired," coolly rejoined his excellency.

"But I am!" said Strauss and rose from the instrument.

The Baths of Old Rome.

At the end of the third century after Christ there were in Rome 11 large public baths and 926 smaller ones. The baths of Caracalla could accommodate at one time 1,600 people; those of Diocletian, 3,600. Taking 1,500 as the average of each of the public baths and 50 as that of each of the private baths, it appears that at any minute bathing accommodations were possible for 62,300 people in ancient Rome. Counting on a population of 2,000,000, the figure generally given as the correct one, it would thus seem that ample privileges were afforded every day for every inhabitant of the Imperial City.—New York American.

A Gilbert Story.

Sir W. S. Gilbert, who was one of the few playwrights who defended the stage censor, is noted for his caustic criticisms on anything which does not meet with his approval.

While dining out once some one happened to ask him his opinion of Burne Jones' women. "Too long in the neck," remarked the author of "The Mikado." "When I look at one of them I always feel that she ought to have a joint in it and wear a stocking."—London Tit-Bits.

A Pleasure of Memory.

Drollchon bought a phonograph and insisted upon his mother-in-law having her voice registered by the instrument.

As the good woman refused, he added maliciously:

"Oh, come, now; just a few words. You can't think how much pleasure it will give me to hear your voice—when you are gone!"—Paris Figaro.

Nothing of the Kind.

Mrs. Askit—When she's abroad does she hobnob with royalty? Mrs. Nonaught—Mercy, no! Her behavior is always extremely proper.—Smart Set.

The new lingerie still shows the effect of ruthless suppression. It has lost none of its prettiness, but is no longer aggressive.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Tales For a Winter Evening

The Love of Lobelia 'Ankins

From the "Old Home House"

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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DED'S yarn being done and Friend Davidson doine, too, and brown at that, Peter T. passed around another relay of cigars, and we lit up. 'Twas Cap'n Erl that spoke first.

"Love's a queer disease anyway," says he. "Ain't it, now? It must be a dreadful responsible thing to be so fascinating. I never felt that responsibleness but once—except when I got married, of course—and that was a good many years ago, when I was going to sea on long v'yages and was cruising around the East Indies in the latitude of our new troubles, the Philippines.

"I was fo'mast hand on a Boston hooker bound to Singapore after rice. The skipper's name was Perkins, Malachi C. Perkins, and he was the meanest man that ever wore a sou'wester. I've had the pleasure of telling him so since—'twas in Surinam 'long in '72.

"Well, when I got to Singapore I was nothing but skin and bone and considerable of the skin had been knocked off by the marline spike and the mate's boots. I'd shipped for the v'yage out and back, but the first night in port I slipped over the side, swum ashore and fell in with a Britisher named Hammond—'Ammond, he called it—and as he was on the same hunt that I was we kept each other comp'ny.

"Well, to make a long story short, we shipped, with a feller whose name was Lazarus. He was a shrewd rascal and nothing more nor less than a pearl poacher.

"We landed at a little one horse coral island, where there wa'n't no inhabitants, but where we was pretty dead sartin there was pearl oyster banks in the lagoon. There was five of us on the schooner, a Dutchman named Rhinelander, a cooly cook and Lazarus and Hammond and me. We put up a stab shanty on shore and went to work pearl fishing, keeping one eye out for Dutch gunboats.

"Well, we got together quite a likely mess of pearls, and as 'twas part of the agreement that the crew had a certain share to the stake, why, Hammond and me was figgering that we was going to make enough to more'n pay us for our long spell of starving at Singapore.

"One morning me and Hammond come out of the shanty, and, lo and behold you, there wa'n't no schooner to be seen. That everlasting Lazarus had put up a job on us and had sneaked off in the night with the cook and the Dutchman and took our share of the pearls with him. There we was, marooned on that little two-for-a-cent island.

"The first day we didn't do much but cuss Lazarus up hill and down dale. We had fish lines in the shanty, and there was plenty of water on the island, so we knew we wouldn't starve to death nor die of thirst, anyhow. But, land, how we did miss that cooly cook.

"'W'y don't yer get to work and cook something fit to heat?' says Hammond. 'Ere I broke my bloomin' back 'auling in the fish, and you doing nothing but 'anging around and letting 'em dry hup in the 'eat. Get to work and cook.' Blimed if I ain't sick of these 'ere custard apples!'

"'Go and cook yourself,' says I. 'I didn't sign articles to be cook for no Johnny Bull!'

"Well, we jawed back and forth for an hour, maybe more. Two or three times we got up to have it out, but 'twas too hot to fight, so we set down again. Finally we eat some supper, custard apples and water, and turned in.

"But 'twas too hot to sleep much, and I got up about 3 o'clock in the morning and went out and set down on the beach in the moonlight. Pretty soon out comes Hammond and sets down alongside and begins to give the weather a general overhauling, calling it everything he could lay tongue to. Pretty soon he breaks off in the middle of a nine p'inted swear word and sings out:

"'Am I going crazy, or is that a schooner?'

"I looked out into the moonlight, and there, sure enough, was a schooner about a mile off the island and coming dead on. First off we thought 'twas Lazarus coming back, but pretty soon we see 'twas a considerable smaller boat than his.

"She was acting dreadful queer. First she'd go ahead on one tack and then give a heave over and come about with a bang, sails flapping and everything of a shake; then she'd give another slat and go off another way, but mainly she kept right on toward the island.

"'What's the matter aboard there?' says Hammond. 'Is hall 'ands drunk?'

"'She's abandoned,' says I. 'That's what's the matter. There ain't nobody aboard of her.'

"Then we both says, 'Salvage!' and shook hands.

"The schooner came nearer and nearer. It begun to look as if she'd smash against the rocks in front of us, but she didn't. When she got opposite the mouth of the lagoon she heeled over on a new tack and sailed in between the rocks as pretty as anything ever you see. Then she run aground on the beach just about a quarter of a mile from the shanty.

"'Twas early morning when we climbed aboard of her. I thought Lazarus' schooner was dirty, but this one was nothing but dirt—dirty sails, all patches; dirty deck, dirty everything.

"'Won't get much salvage on this bally tub,' says Hammond. 'She's one of them nigger fish boats; that's w'at she is.'

"I was kind of skittish about going below—'fraid there might be some dead folks—but Hammond went. In a minute or so up he comes, looking scary.

"'There's something mighty queer down there,' says he, 'kind of w'eezing like a putting pig.'

"'Wheezing your grandmother!' says I, but I went and listened at the hatch.

"'It's snoring,' says I; 'somebody's snoring.'

"'Cuvens!' says Hammond. 'You don't s'pose it's that 'ere cooly come back?'

"'No, no!' says I. 'Where's your common sense? The cook snored bass; this critter's snoring suppraner, and mighty poor suppraner at that.'

"'Twas a woman, middling old, with a yeller face, all wrinkles, and a chin and nose like Punch. She was dressed in a gaudy old calico gown and had earrings in her ears. She give one look round at the schooner and the island. Then she see us and let out a whoop like a steam whistle.

"'Mulligataway sacremento merlasses!' she yells. 'Course that wa'n't what she said, but that's what it sounded like. Then 'fore Hammond could stop her she run for him and give him a rousing big hug. He was the most surprised man you ever see—stood there like a wooden image. I commenced to laff, but the next minute the woman come for me and hugged me too.

"'Fectionate old 'gal,' says Hammond, grinding.

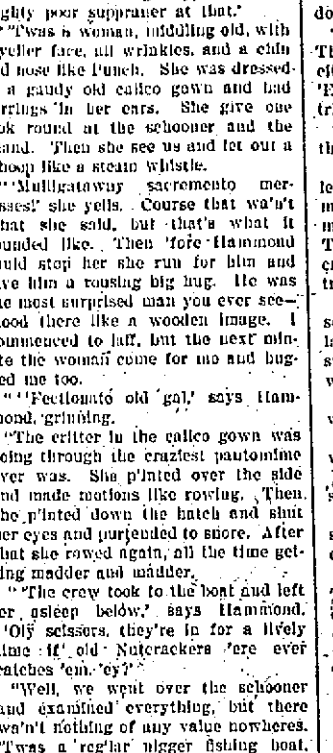
"The critter in the calico gown was going through the craziest pantomime ever was. She p'inted over the side and made motions like rowing. Then she p'inted down the hatch and shut her eyes and purjended to snore. After that she rowed again, all the time getting madder and madder.

"'The crew took to the boat and left 'er asleep below,' says Hammond. 'Oly scissors, they're in for a lively time if old Nutcrackers 'ere ever catches 'em, 'ey?'

"Well, we went over the schooner and examined everything, but there wa'n't nothing of any value nowheres. 'Twas a reg'lar nigger fishing boat, with dirt and cockroaches by the pailful. We found she'd started a plank running aground on the beach and that 'twould take us a week to get her afloat and water tight.

"Pretty soon we see the woman going to the shanty with her arms full of bundles and truck. We didn't think anything of it then, but when we got home at noon there was the best dinner ever you see all ready for us—fried fish and some kind of beans cooked up with peppers and tea—real store tea—and a lot more things. Land, how we did eat! We kept smacking our lips and rubbing our vests to show we was enjoying everything, and the old gal kept bobbing her head and grinning like one of them dummies you wind up with a key.

"'Well,' says Hammond, 'we've got a cook at last. Ain't we, old—old—Blimed if we've got a name for 'er yet!



Lobelia was after him, yelling like an Indian.

Here!' says he, pointing to me. 'Looky here, missis! 'Edge—'Edge—that's 'im! 'Ammond—'Ammond—that's me—me! Now, 'oo are you?'

"She rattled off a name that had more double f'ints in it than an eel.

"'Lordy!' says I. 'We never can l'arn that rigamarole. I tell you!' She looks for all the world like old A'nt Lobelia Fosdick at home down on Cape Cod. Let's call her that.'

"She looks to me like the mother of a oysterman I used to know in Liverpool. 'Is name was 'Ankins. Let's split the difference and call 'er Lobelia 'Ankins.'

"So we done it.

"I reckon 'twas about the third day that I noticed she was getting sweet on Hammond. She was giving him the best of all the vittles and used to set at the table and look at him softer and sweeter 'n a bucket of merlasses.

"'Edge,' says he, 'I b'lieve that 'ere chromo of a Lobelia 'Ankins is getting soft on me.'

"'Course she is,' says I. 'I see that a long spell ago.'

"'But what'll I do?' says he. 'A woman like 'er is a desp'rate character. If we never git hashore she might be for lugging me to the church and marrying me by main force.'

"'Then you'll have to marry her, for all I see,' says I. 'You shouldn't be so fascinating.'

"That made him mad, and he went off jawing to himself.

"The next day we got the schooner patched up and off the shoal and 'longside Lazarus' old landing wharf by the shanty.

"After dinner Hammond went down to the spring after some water, and Lobelia 'Ankins went along with him. I laid down in the shade for a snooze, but I hadn't much more than settled myself comfortably when I heard a yell and somebody running. I jumped up just in time to see Hammond come busting through the bushes, hickety smash, with Lobelia after him, yelling like an Injun. Hammond wa'n't yelling. He was saving his breath for running.

"They wa'n't in sight more 'n a minute, but went smashing and crashing through the woods into the distance. 'Twas too hot to run after 'em, so I waited a spell and then loafed off in a roundabout direction toward where I see 'em go. After I'd walked pretty nigh a mile I heard Hammond whistle. I looked, but didn't see him nowheres. Then he whistled again, and I see his head sticking out of the top of a palm tree.

"'Is she gone?' says he.

"'Yes; long ago,' says I. 'Come down.'

"'Edge,' says he, 'I'm a lost man. That 'ere 'orrible 'Ankins hourage is either going to marry me or kill me. 'Edge,' he says, awful solemn, 'she tried to kiss me! S'help me, she did!'

"Well, I set back and laughed. 'Is that why you run away?' I says.

"'No,' says he. 'When I wouldn't let 'er she hups with a rock as big as my 'ead and goes for me. There was murder in 'er eyes. 'Edge! I see it. That's it,' says he, 'art at a feller critter's sufferings. I honly wish she'd try to kiss you once, that's all!'

"Well, I couldn't make him budge, so I decided to go back and get the lay of the land. Lobelia had a big stick in her hand and looked savage. I was a little nervous.

"'Ammond!' says she, p'inting toward the woods.

"'Yes,' says I, 'Hammond's taking a walk for his health.'

"'Ammond!' says she, louder and shaking the stick.

"'Now, Lobelia,' says I, smiling smooth as butter, 'do put down that club!'

"'Ammond!' she fairly hollers. Then she went through the most bloodcurdling pantomime ever was, I reckon. First she comes up to me and taps me on the chest and says 'Edge.' Then she goes creeping round the room on tiptoe, p'inting out of the winder all the time as much as to say she was pertending to walk through the woods. Then she p'ints to one of the stumps we used for chairs and screeches 'Ammond!' and fetches the stump an awful bang with the club. Then she comes over to me and kinder snuggles up and smiles and says 'Edge' and tries to put the club in my hand.

"My topknot riz up on my head. 'Good Lord!' thinks I. 'She's making love to me so's to get me to take that club and go and thump Hammond with it!'

"'Now, Lobelia,' says I, 'don't be—'

"'Ammond!' says she.

"'Now, Miss 'Ankins, do-n't be hasty, I'—

"'Ammond!'

"Well, I backed faster and faster, and she followed me right up till at last I begun to run. Round and round the place we went, me scart for my life and she fairly frothing with rage. Finally I bust through the door and put for the woods at a rate that beat Hammond's going all holler. I never stopped till I got close to the palm tree. Then I whistled and Hammond answered.

"When I told him about the rumpus he set and laughed like an idiot.

"'Ow-d'you like Miss 'Ankins' love-making?' he says.

"'You'll like it less 'n I do,' I says, 'if she gets up here with that club!'

"After a spell we decided that our only chance was to sneak down to the schooner in the dark and put to sea, leaving Lobelia alone in her glory.

"Well, we waited till 12 o'clock or so, and then we crept down to the beach, tiptoeing past the shanty for fear of waking Lobelia. We got on the schooner all right, hauled up anchor, h'isted sail and stood out of the lagoon with a fair wind. When we was fairly to sea we shook hands.

"'Lawd,' says Hammond, drawing a long breath, 'I never was so 'appy in my life. This 'ere lady killing business ain't in my line.'

"He felt so good that he set by the wheel and sung 'Goodby, Sweet'art, Goodby,' for an hour or more.

"In the morning we was in sight of another small island, and out on a p'int was a passel of folks jumping up and down and waving a signal.

"We put about for 'em and picked 'em up, letting their boat tow behind the schooner. There was five of 'em, a ragged and dirty lot of Malays and half breeds.

"A chap with scraggy black whiskers and a sort of worried look on his face stepped for'ard and made a bow. He looked like a cross between a Spaniard and a Malay, and I guess that's what he was.

"'Senors,' says he, palavering and scraping, 'boat—my boat!'

"'W'at's 'e giving us?' says Hammond.

"'Hammond,' I says, 'I swan to man if I don't believe we've picked up the real crew of this craft!'

"'Si, senor; boat—my boat! Crew, crew!' says Whiskers, waving his hands toward the rest of his gang.

"'Hall right, skipper,' says Hammond. 'Glad to see yer back haboard. Make yerselves well at 'ome. 'Ow d'yer lose 'er in the first place?'

"'Ooman, senors,' says Whiskers in half a whisper. 'Ooman, she here?'

"Hammond,' says I, 'what's a ooman?'

"'Edge,' says Hammond, 'e wants to know w'at's become of Lobelia 'Ankins.'

"'No, senor,' says I to the feller, 'ooman no here. Ooman there!' And I p'inted in the direction of our island.

"Well, sir, you oughter have seen that Malay gang's faces light up! They all bust out a grinning and laffing, and Whiskers fairly hugged me and then Hammond. Then he made one of the Malays take the wheel instead of me.

"But I was curious, and I says, p'inting toward Lobelia's island:

"'Ooman your wife?'

"'No, no, no!' says he, shaking his head like it would come off. 'Ooman no wife. Wife there,' and he p'inted about directly opposite from my way. 'Ooman,' he goes on, 'she no wife. She'—

"Just here a Malay come up from the forecastle, grinning like a cheesy cat and hugging a fat jug of this here palm wine that natives make. I don't know where he got it from—I thought Hammond and me had rummaged that fo'castle pretty well—but, anyhow, there it was.

"Whiskers passed the jug to me, and I handed it over to Hammond. He stood up to make a speech.

"'Feller citizens,' says he, 'I rise to drink a toast. 'Ere's to the beautchous Lobelia 'Ankins, and may she long bornament the lovely island where she now'—

"The Malay at the wheel behind us gave an awful screech. We all turned sudden, and there, standing on the companion ladder, was Lobelia 'Ankins, as large as life and twice as natural.

"Hammond dropped the jug, and it smashed into flinders. We all stood stock still for a minute, like folks in a tableau. The half breed skipper stood next to me, and I swum if you couldn't see him shrivel up like one of them things they call a sensitive plant.

"The tableau lasted while a feller might count five; then things happened. Hammond sull me dodged around the deck house. The Malays broke and run, one up the main rigging, two down the fo'castle hatch and one out on the jibboom. But the poor skipper wa'n't satisfied with any of them places. He started for the ice rail, and Lobelia 'Ankins started after him.

"She caught him as he was going to jump overboard and yanked him back like he was a bag of meal. She shook him, she boxed his ears, she pulled his hair, and all the time he was begging and pleading and she was screeching and jabbering at the top of her lungs. Hammond pulled me by the sleeve.

"'It'll be our turn next,' says he. 'Get into the boat! Quick!'

"The little boat that the crew had come in was towing behind the schooner. We slid over the stern and dropped into it. Hammond cut the towline and we laid to the oars. Long as we was in the hearing of the schooner the powwow and rumpus kept up, but just as we was landing on the little island that the Malays had left she come about on the port tack and stood off to sea.

"'Lobelia's running things again,' says Hammond.

"Three days after this we was took off by a Dutch gunboat. Most of the time on the island we spent debating how Lobelia come to be on the schooner. Finally we decided that she must have gone aboard to sleep that night, suspecting that we'd try to run away in the schooner just as we had tried to. We talked about Whiskers and his crew and guessed about how they came to abandon their boat in the first place. One thing we was sartin sure of, and that was that they'd left Lobelia aboard on purpose. We knew mighty well that's what we'd 'a' done.

"What puzzled us most was what relation Lobelia was to the skipper. She wa'n't his wife, 'cause he'd said so, and she didn't look enough like him to be his mother or sister. But as we was being took off in the Dutchman's yawl Hammond thumps the thwart with his fist and says he:

"'I've got it!' he says; 'she's 'is mother-in-law!'

"'Course she is!' says I. 'We might have known it!'"

How They Get 'Em.

The sad looking man climbed into the bootblack's chair to have his shoes shined.

"And is your father a bootblack, too?" he asked, by way of making conversation.

"No, sir," replied the lad. "My father is a farmer."

"Ah, a farmer!" cried the sad looking man as a spasm almost akin to joy spread over his features. As he reached into his pocket for a notebook and pencil he began to mumble a sort of gibberish. It sounded like this:

"Farmer, hey? Farmer—hay. Son, bootblack. Son shines. Ah! I have it. Your father evidently believes in making hay while the son shines."

Perhaps it is needless to explain that instead of being a mild lunatic the sad looking man was one of those professional humorists who write funny pieces for the papers.—Philadelphia Ledger.

On Tipping the Hat.

New Yorkers still cling to the ancient custom of tipping their hats when greeting a male friend or acquaintance. It is a common sight to see a staid, prosperous looking business man as he passes an acquaintance tipping his hat, although the other is alone and unaccompanied by a woman. It is the same after a party has been together somewhere, at dinner, probably, or at the theater. You will notice that as one separates himself from the others he will say good night or au revoir and then tip his hat. Also when one man is introduced to another it is dollars to a subway ticket that he will lift his chapeau. Wonder why it is. They don't do it in Pittsburg.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Cruel Joke.

Miss Daisy Dimple found a love letter that her father had written to her mother in the halcyon days of their courtship.

Daisy read the letter to her mother, substituting her own name and that of her sweetheart.

Daisy's mother raved with anger and stamped her foot in disgust and forbade her daughter to have anything to do with a man who would write "such nonsensical stuff to a girl."

Daisy then gave the letter to her mother to read.

The house became so suddenly quiet that she could hear the flies walking across the ceiling.—Judge.

Made a Name for Him.—Mrs. Benham—Many a man owes his success in life to his wife.

Benham—Yes, Adam would never have been heard from if Eve hadn't given him the apple.—Smart Set.

First Physician: "So you've lost Rogers as a patient. Didn't he respond to your treatment?"

Second Physician: "Yes but not to my dunning letters."—March Lippincotts.

"Your glasses," she said "have made a great difference in your appearance."

"Do you think so?" he asked. "Yes, You look so inteligent with them on."

Too Much Magnetism.

"Folks talk a lot about personal magnetism, as if 'twas something to be proud of," remarked Wilson Salter, meditatively, "but I view it right the other way. It appears to me there isn't anything much more uncomfortable, not to say dangerous, to carry round with you."

"Have you got any of it, Wilson?" piped Captain Peevy, in his shrill, quavering treble.

"No I should hope not," responded Mr. Salter, with vigor. "If I had I should make straight for a doctor, and see if so to be couldn't remove it, someways."

"Why, I want t' know," piped Captain Peevy, in great amazement.

"Well cast anchor for a minute, and I'll bet it forth to ye what my reasons are," said Mr. Salter, generously.

"It's my brother Edward, over to Tonset Point, that's the main cause of 'em. He's always been said to have a sight of personal magnetism; folks have remarked it of him from a boy. And up to yesterday forenoon he'd set considerable by it himself, I reckon. Did you happen to take notice of that shower that went around to the south 'bout seven o'clock?"

"Yes, sir, I did," quavered Captain Peevy. "She veered round jest which she g i in a line with 'Bije Follet's ma'sh piece. I was setting right where I be now."

"And where you be the whole end a'long time, except when ye 're feeding," said Mr. Salter, in an undertone, and then proceeded clearly:

"Well, Edward, he was out in that shower, and they got the fust welt of it, over to the Point. And Edward, he was standing in his barn door, and first thing he knew, he didn't know anything. When he came to, there was all the buttons ripped off his vest, and laying here and there, and his right shoe was split from stem to stern, and there was something the matter with his right arm and leg.

"When I was over there this morning the doctor—he's nothin' but a yearling boy; and ain't half learned how to spell medicine yet, according to my ideas—the doctor, he was trying to explain to me about Edward, and a 'magnetic, electric current,' and so on.

"I don't want anything to do with currents, excepting the kind that grow on bushes,' said I, 'and as for magnetism, if so be you can take Edward's personal magnetism out of him now, and no harm done,' says I, 'why, I'm his brother, and I'll foot the bill,' said I.

"And I stand willing to abide by my word," concluded Mr. Salter, as he rose laboriously from the bench in front of Captain Peevy's door, "for the sooner a piece of goods like that is got rid of, the better for all parties concerned, and a man's brother ought to stand ready, when he's got money in the bank. But I thought the doctor seemed some doubtful whether it could be done. He ain't anything but a yearling boy, ye see, anyhow."—Youth's Companion.

Keeping His Balance.

There is a story told among the Tartars which has a moral for the civilized men of the present day. It is to this effect: Robo, cousin of the great mogul, was condemned to death for participation in a rebellion. The most skillful swordsman in the empire was provided for the execution, and the great mogul and his court were present as spectators.

The thin, keen blade flashed in the sunlight and descended upon the bare neck of Robo, who stood upright to receive the stroke.

The executioners stroke was so deftly done that, though the head was severed, not a vital organ was disturbed. Robo remained standing.

"What, Robo, art thou not beheaded?" exclaimed the great mogul.

"My lord, I am," replied Robo, "but as long as I keep my balance right my head will not fall off."

The great mogul was placated. A band was put on Robo's neck, and he recovered. He afterward became a loyal subject and was made basher of the empire because, as the great mogul remarked:

"He knows that if he keeps his balance right his head will not come off."—Exchange.

Meredith's Advice to Stead.

W. T. Stead tells a characteristic story of George Meredith, which is all the more appreciable as it is told against himself.

"He was a true friend," says Mr. Stead, "not less faithful in criticism than he was cordial in his appreciation. Of the former I remember well the neat way in which he put me out of conceit with my first attempt to write a story. I sent him my little effort with fear and trembling. My trepidation was not without warrant. I have read "From the Old World to the New," he wrote. Some of the characters are interesting and well drawn. One of them especially reminds me of Cecil Rhodes. But if any of your friends tells you that he likes the story as a story don't believe him.'"

Couldn't Fool the Boy.

A Hebrew boy, eleven years of age, who was a fever patient in a Philadelphia hospital, had shown a disposition to whine and complain at all times. The nurse was giving him an alcohol sponge, and, thinking to divert his mind, she said to him as she rubbed under his arms:

"Ticklish?"

Still whining, the youngster said: "No; Yiddish."—March Lippincott's.

At The Railway Station.

"Has the two-thirty train gone?"

"Yes, ma'am; five minutes ago."

"When's the next train?"

"Four fifteen, ma'am."

"Thank goodness, I'm in time!"—March Lippincott's.

A Cleveland man, who visited friends in Hants, England, last year, tells the following story of a canny Scot, a deadle, whose habit it was to show tourists the remains of the abbey in his parish.

One day he had thus conveyed a party through the place, every member of which had tipped him with the exception of a crabbed old fellow of his own nationality.

As the offender left the beadle whispered in his ear.

"Weel, when ye gang hame, if ye fin' oot that ye have lost your purse, ye maun recollect that ye haveus had it oot here."—Harper's

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Uncle Hiram to His Nephew.

"Don't, Henry," said Uncle Hiram to his hopeful young nephew, "don't nurse a grouch. Nobody has any use for a man or a boy with a grouch.

"Suppose you were the boss and you had to your employ a boy who thought he wasn't getting pay enough, and suppose this boy should get so dissatisfied over this that it made him grouchy. Then you'd see him going around attending to his work all right, maybe, but all the time half sullen over it; sour faced, glum, dissatisfied in every thing he did; grouchy and nursing his grouch all the time and making it plain to every-body and making every-body in the place uncomfortable.

"To be sure he'd be only a boy and you'd be the boss and you could fire him if you wanted to, but you wouldn't want to do that so you'd help him along, but it wouldn't be pleasant to have him around; and if he didn't get over his grouch, why, sooner or later you'd be pretty sure to let him go. Isn't that so? You wouldn't want around you anybody that was nursing a grouch.

"Now take your own case, Henry. You are a young fellow just starting in and you haven't had much experience, but you are learning fast and you are working faithfully and working hard, just a-plugging away the best you know how, and you're learned enough about the business now so that you think your work is really of service to the concern, and maybe it is, and you think you don't get enough pay.

"That's all right, Henry. You can ask for more pay if you want to, but I'd advise you to go slow about that. Better keep plugging a while longer as you are and pile up a bigger credit for yourself to your employer's esteem.

"But whatever happens don't get grouchy. That would queer the whole business and upset all you've done.

"You see, Henry, the boss had his troubles that maybe you don't know anything about, and they may be greater than yours; but he has to put up a good front and look cheerful, and he thinks you ought to. As a matter of fact we all have our troubles, and nobody has any use for the man with a grouch, who thinks his petty troubles are more important than anybody else's.

"In fact you will discover, as you grow older, Henry, that let alone the grouchy men, nobody cares much for a man with a grievance of any sort, but even if it has a good ground; the man that comes to us complaining is apt to tire us.

"So, Henry, remember, if you think you are not getting all that's coming to you or that you are not appreciated, don't get grouchy over it; that's the very worst thing for yourself you could do. Give the boss a chance and if he doesn't rise to it in a reasonable time, why, then you can kick if you want to, but you must do this in a fair good humor."—New York Sun.

Good Biters.

"Joel Chandler Harris was only excelled by Stephen Crane in his profound knowledge of negro character," said an Atlantan. "Mr. Harris on a train one day pointed to a typical old colored couple, a stout old uncle and a stout old auntie. He said he'd play a joke on them. So he pretended to be the conductor and asked them for their tickets. The old gentleman flaned the tickets from his ragged vest.

"'One o' dese, suh,' he said, 'is fo' me, an' t' udder one is fo' her.'

"'But which is yours and which is hers?' demanded Mr. Harris, with pretended impatience.

"The old man began stammering something, but the old lady shut him up.

"'Dan now, yo' ig'nant skunk,' she cried, 'I done tole yuh yun'd git us in ter trouble, an' now yuh see yuh done got de law on us.'"

A Joke of Mark Twain's.

Probably few people are aware that the theatrical godfather of that famous actor Mr. William Gillette was Mark Twain, who was a fellow townsman and a friend of his father. Mark Twain in referring to the matter said that when he used his influence to get young Gillette on the stage he thought he was playing a great joke on the management, for he did not think Gillette had the slightest aptitude for acting. But it turned out to be no joke after all. "I don't know," said Mark Twain, "which I like better—having Gillette make a tremendous success or seeing one of my jokes go wrong.

"I can't understand why Brown should have failed." "Nor can I. I always thought he was doing finely. He often came to me for advice."

For Over Sixty Years,

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

Brazil is endeavoring to encourage its iron industry.

Every day in this city thousands of persons eat too much at dinner, and, as a consequence, suffer from sour Stomach, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, &c. If these will take just one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after eating, they will be surprised by the entire absence of those unpleasant feelings which daily distress them, and may continue in their improper course of eating big dinners without fear. Only one little pill, remember.

The Korean tailor pastes his seams together.

To get relief from indigestion, biliousness, constipation or torpid liver without disturbing the stomach or purging the bowels, take a few doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills, they will please you.

Florida produces the finest lead pencil cedar in the world.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for sick headache, and every woman should know this. Only one pill a dose. Try them.

Ancient buildings or works cannot be restored in Italy without the consent of the government.

Palpitation of the heart, nervousness, trembling, nervous headache, cold hands and feet, pain in the back, and other forms of weakness are relieved by Carter's Iron Pills, made specially for the blood, nerves and complexion.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1910.

NOTES.

LIPPITT—John Lipitt, senior, was an early townsman of Providence, R. I., where he owned a house, lot and six acres of land in 1638. On July 27, of that year, he and 38 others, signed an agreement to form a government for the new plantations. Some years after, in 1648, he became an inhabitant of Warwick. R. I., and in 1655, was made a "freeman" of the same town. He died in 1669. Issue as follows:

I. Nathaniel, born in Rhode Island. Named in a suit at Shrewsbury, N. J. in 1676.

II. John, Jr., of whom presently.

III. Moses, resided at Kingston, R. I., and married Mary, daughter of Henry Knowles, Nov. 10, 1668. Their children were Moses, a minor in 1705; Mary, who married John Burlingame; and Rebecca, who married her cousin John, son of John and Ann Grove. He died Jan. 6, 1703; his widow died Dec. 28, 1719.

IV. Joseph.

V. Rebecca, md. 1st Joseph Howard, Feb. 2, 1665; and 2nd, Francis Budlong, March 19, 1669.

II. John, Jr., son of John, senior, was born at Warwick R. I., about 1640. He married Ann Grove, February 9, 1665, who subsequently married Edward Searle, Feb. 21, 1671. He was fined 5 shillings for selling a gun to the Indians, May 4, 1652, and in 1668, he sold 10 acres of land for 20 shillings. Died about 1670. Issue as follows:

I. John, born November 6, 1665. He married his cousin Rebecca, daughter of Moses and Mary (Knowles) Lippitt.

II. Moses, of whom next following.

Moses, son of John and Ann (Grove), was born Feb. 17, 1668. He married Sarah, dau. of John Throckmorton and Alice Stout. On July 3rd, 1674, he apprenticed himself to William Austin of Providence, R. I., to be a weaver. The time of his coming to E. Jersey from Rhode Island, is impossible to determine, he was an inhabitant of Middletown, where, in 1692, he served as a juror. His marriage license was issued in New York City, Dec. 7, 1697.

He was a grand-juryman, May 27, 1695, and again on March 24-26, 1695-96; also a member of a Coroners Jury, Sept. 28, 1697. One Henry Lippitt of Rhode Island was among the purchasers of the Monmouth Patent in 1665, and he may have been a brother to the grandfather of Moses, through whom he may have inherited or purchased the property at Middletown, where he was a resident. Issue as follows.

I. Sarah, born Dec. 11, 1705.

II. John, married Catherine——;

III. Patience, who md. John Wolley, about 1717.

IV. Ann.

V. Alice.—W. T. W.

MOTT WILLS, FROM PORTSMOUTH, R. I. RECORDS.

Joanna Mott, of Portsmouth, spinster, daughter of Jacob Mott, of Portsmouth, deceased. Mentioned the following: brother Adam Mott; of Dartmouth; sister Rest Clark, wife of James, of Newport; Cassandra Mott, daughter of brother Jacob, of Portsmouth; Elizabeth Mott, daughter of brother Jacob; Cousin Joanna Mosher of Dartmouth, daughter of brother Adam Mott; brother Joseph Mott's children, viz.: Unis Allen, Rebecca Lawton, wife of Isaac, of East Greenwich; Mary Mott; Samuel Mott; Elizabeth Mott; Cousin Jacob Mott's daughter Joanna; brother Jacob, executor. Dated July 11, 1753; rec. Aug. 14, 1758. Town Council, Vol. 5, p. 158.

Jacob Mott, of Portsmouth, yeoman. Mentioned son Jacob, executor; sons Adam, Joseph; daughters Elizabeth, Joanna and Mary Mott, and Rest Rider; grand-daughter Cassandra Mott; grand son Jacob Mott, son of Adam; Dated Mar. 5, 1729-30 rec. Mar. 14, 1736-7. T. C. Vol. 3, p. 182.

Mary Mott, of Portsmouth, widow; mentioned daughters Sarah Tripp, widow, (executrix) and Bethyah Abbit, widow, "land laid out to me by the township of Portsmouth", daughter Elizabeth Wing; daughter Abigail Hefferland. Dated Feb. 24, 1710-11; rec. 7, 9, 1712. T. C. Vol. 2, p. 221.

Jacob Mott, of Portsmouth. Mentioned son Jacob; wife Johannah; son Samuel; daughters Hannah Tucker, Elizabeth Gould, Marcy Cook, Sarah Wardell; wife Johannah and two loving kinsmen Giles Slocum Jr. and John Coggeshall of Portsmouth, executors. Dated Jan. 31, 1710-11; rec. 11, 15, 1711-12. T. C. 2, 224.

Jacob Mott, of Portsmouth, yeoman, advanced in years; mentioned two daughters, Cassandra and Elizabeth Mott; son Jacob, executor; daughter Dorcas Barber; daughter Mary Freeborn; grand daughters Hannah Weaver and Mary Weaver, unmarried; grand daughter Elizabeth Mott, daughter of son John, deceased. Dated Nov. 10, 1763; pr. Nov. 12, 1781. T. C. 3, p. 17.

Jacob Mott, of Portsmouth, yeoman; mentioned son Joseph; sister Elizabeth Mott; 3 daughters Hannah, Mary and Joanna Mott; 2 sons, Joseph and Benjamin Mott, executors. Dated Nov. 20, 1794; rec. Mar. 14, 1803. T. C. 3, p. 145.

Joseph Mott, of Portsmouth, yeoman; mentioned sister Hannah Mott; 3 nieces Hannah, Anna and Eliza Mott, daughters of brother Benjamin; Aunt Elizabeth Mott; nephew Jacob Mott, son of Benjamin; niece Eliza Wardsworth, Cousin Benjamin Freeborn, executor. Dated 11, 24, 1824. Pr. Mar. 14, 1825. T. C. 11, p. 39.—E. M. T.

QUERIES.

6638. BRIGGS. STODDARD.—Who was Elinor, wife of Job Briggs mentioned in the following? Job Brigg's will, January 7, 1732-3, mentions wife Elinor; son Jeremiah; Mary Bourden, wife of Thomas Bourden; daughters, Sarah Durphy, wife of Thomas, Elizabeth MaCum, wife of Mark, daughter Almy Briggs, daughter Wait Briggs; sons Job, John and Enoch.——Taunton Probate rec.

Elinor Brigge, and Thomas Stoddard, intentions published April 20, married May 9, 1734.——Arnold's Vital Records. Who were parents of Thomas Stoddard?—L. M.

6639. PHILLIPS—Benjamin Phillips, and Mary Sheldon, married in Newport, by Rev. Gardiner Thurston, March 24, 1765. Who were his ancestors? Who was Rebecca wife of John? John and Rebecca Phillips had son Benjamin who signed an indenture to give power of attorney to Michael Phillips, March 25, 1730. He is described as "weaver." Barbara, born March 15, 1687; John; Michael; Benjamin; William; Samuel.—L. M.

6640. HOLMES—Obadiah Holmes, a Baptist minister, resided in Newport for about thirty years, where he is said to have died Oct. 15, 1682. Austin's Gen. Dict. of R. I. refers to his will as dated April 9, 1682, and says it was among 17 wills listed as "presented to the court in 1700, by parties in interest, the law requiring three witnesses, and these wills having but two." Austin does not give an abstract of Holmes' will.

In "The Chad Browne Memorial" (1888), pages 160-62, there is an article on Obadiah Holmes, in which appears the following statement: "His surname was originally Hulme, and his will, dated April 9, 1681, bears that signature.

Most probably the will gives the names of his children, and the married names of his daughters. As far as I am aware, the births of none of his children are of record, but the baptisms of Martha (1640), Samuel (1642) and Obadiah (1644) are found in Salem. Of the other five children assigned to Obadiah I, by Austin, I have seen no real proof of parentage, and this is what I am seeking—particularly as to Mary 2, who is said to have married John 2 Brown (Chad), and Jonathan 2, said to have married Sarah 2 Borden.

Where can the original or a copy of this will be seen?—E. S. J.

6641. WILLIAMS—Who were the ancestors of Clarissa Williams, born May 7, 1790, at Preston, Conn., or somewhere in New London County? She married November 27, 1806, Walt Roger Worden of Mystic, Conn. —F. L.

ANSWERS.

871. UNDERWOOD. ROBINSON—Ruth Robinson, who married Apr. 27, 1782, Joseph Underwood, was daughter of John (Rowland) Robinson and Mary Hazard, daughter of Thomas Hazard. She was born March 12, 1709. Her grandfather Thomas Hazard died 1746. His will was pronated Nov. 12, 1746. He mentioned his grand-daughter Ruth Underwood, deceased. Joseph Underwood was undoubtedly the son of John and Sarah (Peckham) Underwood.—A. S. W.

There's a grand opportunity here for you young Miss Housekeeper, to make you new little home as pretty and cozy as it can be. There's a striking difference in appearance between Titus' things and other kinds you know, and no matter how little the price, the air of refinement and the style and the goodness is never lacking.

AT $20.25. A dainty little 3 piece suit of exquisite beauty upholstered in beautifully figured tapestry.

AT $25.00. A wonderfully clever design with mahogany panels in back. 3 pieces, highly polished and with loose cushion seats of dark green velour.

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NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD.

A QUALITY TALK.

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FATHER TIME

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PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE, 142 Spring St., Newport, R. I.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

Public Hearing.

GUN SILENCERS.

Senate Chamber,
Providence, March 8, 1910.

The Senate Judiciary Committee will hear all persons interested in an act

"An Act to prohibit the sale of Gun Silencers

S. Bill No. 86,

in State House, in Room 212, on TUESDAY, March 15, 1910, at one o'clock p. m.

JOHN F. SANBORN, Chairman.
JOHN W. SWEENEY, Clerk. 3-12-1w

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
Newport, January 3d, 1910.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 4308 issued out of the District Court of the 1st Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 8th day of October A. D. 1909, and returnable to the said Court January 5th, A. D. 1910, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 28th day of January A. D. 1909, in favor of Rhode Island Loan and Investment Company, a corporation duly chartered under the laws of the State of Rhode Island, Armstead Hurley, Treasurer plaintiff, and against Thomas H. Reagan and Ellen H. Reagan his wife, and Walter Sherman, all of Newport in said County defendants, I have this day at 40 minutes past 1 o'clock P. M., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendants Thomas H. Reagan and Ellen H. Reagan and Walter Sherman had on the 17th day of July A. D. 1908, at 15 minutes past 8 o'clock A. M. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot or parcel of land with all the buildings, and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows:—

A certain lot of land with buildings thereon situated in said Newport and bounded Easterly on land of William Bailey, James T. Smith and Arazalia G. Van Zandt (more recently of Bridget Garrack) sixty feet, Southerly on Dixon Lane (between Thomas and Spring Street) one hundred feet, Westerly on land of Martin Hurton sixty feet and Northerly on land formerly of the Weaver heirs and Job T. Langley and others (now Burns Street and land of Gilroy) one hundred feet be the said measurements respectfully more or less. Being the same premises conveyed to Thomas H. Reagan by quit claim deed of George W. Slade, Edward B. Lake and Benjamin S. C. Gifford of Fall River, Mass., doing business under the firm name of Allen Slade and Company said deed bearing date Jan. 9th, 1901 and recorded in office of Land Evidence said Newport in Book 78 at pages 388, 9.

All that lot of parcel of land with buildings and improvements thereon situated in said Newport and bounded and described as follows: Northerly partly by land of E. G. S. Alger, and partly by land of D. Dowling 56.8 feet. Easterly by Spring Street 51.5 feet, Southerly by Brewer Street 57.8 feet and Westerly by land of the heirs of Peter J. Lee 52 feet containing 2933 square feet, more or less. Being the same premises conveyed to Ellen H. Reagan by deed bearing date Jan. 4, 1906, and recorded in office of Land Evidence of said Newport in Book 85 at pages 274-5

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 7th day of April, A. D. 1910, at 12.30 o'clock P. M. for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.
1-15-4w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

Public Hearing.

CHILD LABOR.

Senate Chamber,
Providence, March 10, 1910.

The Committee on Special Legislation of the Senate will hear all persons interested in

An Act in amendment of Chapter 78, of the General Laws entitled "Of Factory Inspection," and any acts in amendment thereof or in addition thereto,

in the Committee Room No. 210, on WEDNESDAY, March 16, 1910, on the rising of the Senate.

BENJAMIN MARTIN, Chairman.
ALVAH H. SANBORN, Clerk. 3-12-1w

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
Newport, December 31st, A. D. 1909.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 4688 issued out of the District Court of the 1st Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 30th day of December A. D. 1909, and returnable to the said Court March 30th A. D. 1910, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 30th day of November A. D. 1909, in favor of John H. Brierly of said City of Newport plaintiff, and against George W. Pollitt of the City of Newport and State of Rhode Island in his capacity as administrator upon the estate of Elizabeth Beakhurst deceased, late of said City of Newport defendant, I have this day at 21 minutes past 1 o'clock P. M., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant George W. Pollitt as administrator upon the said estate of Elizabeth Beakhurst, deceased, had on the 11th day of August A. D. 1909, at 22 minutes past 3 o'clock P. M. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to certain lots or parcels of land with all the buildings, and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Southerly on Lee Avenue 85 feet, Westerly 75 feet on land now or late of Weeden T. Underwood, Northerly 35 feet on land now or late of William D. DeBlois, Easterly 70 feet on land now or late of Michael J. Dealy and being the same premises conveyed by William G. Ward to George Beakhurst and Elizabeth C. Beakhurst as joint tenants by deed bearing date December 1st 1888 and recorded in Land Evidence Newport, Vol. 69, page 111.

2d Parcel. Northerly on lands now or formerly of William Jeffery, Easterly by Coggeshall Avenue, Southerly by land now or formerly of Martha E. Richmond and Mary Richmond, Westerly by other lands now or formerly of the said Martha E. Richmond and Mary Richmond. Be the said measurements more or less or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 7th day of April, A. D. 1910, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING
Deputy Sheriff
3-12-4w

Wifey—You were late last night, Hub—Beg your pardon, my dear. As I came in the front door the clock struck 11. Wife—But what time did you arrive at the head of the stairs?—Boston Transcript.

Tax Department

CITY OF NEWPORT

Assessors' Notice.

The Assessors of Taxes of the City of Newport hereby give notice that they will assess and apportion on the inhabitants of said city, and the ratable property therein the tax ordered and levied by the Representative Council of said city by vote of the 9th day of March, A. D. 1910, on Friday, April 1st, A. D. 1910, at 12 o'clock noon, and they will meet and be in session in their rooms in the City Hall (on the second floor), in said Newport, every day, except Sundays, from and including

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1910,

To and Including

MONDAY, APRIL 11, 1910,

From 9 o'clock A. M. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 o'clock to 5 o'clock P. M.

For the purpose of receiving a true and exact account of all the ratable estates of every person and body corporate, liable to taxation in said City.

EVERY PERSON AND BODY CORPORATE LIABLE TO TAXATION IN THE PREMISES, IS HEREBY NOTIFIED AND REQUIRED TO BRING IN TO SAID ASSESSORS, WITHIN THE TIME OR TIMES, AND AT THE PLACE OF MEETING AND SESSION OF SAID ASSESSORS, AS ABOVE DESIGNATED, A TRUE AND EXACT ACCOUNT OF ALL HIS RATABLE ESTATE, DESCRIBING AND SPECIFYING THE VALUE OF EVERY PARCEL OF HIS REAL AND PERSONAL ESTATE.

THE GENERAL LAWS OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDE THAT:

"Every person bringing in any such account shall make oath before some one of the Assessors that the account exhibited by him contains, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true and full account and valuation of all his ratable estate: AND WHOEVER NEGLECTS OR REFUSES TO BRING IN SUCH ACCOUNT, IF OVERTAXED, SHALL HAVE NO REMEDY THEREFOR."

Executors, Administrators, Guardians and Trustees are hereby notified that all the foregoing applies to them and to Trust Estates as well as to other persons and property.

JOHN M. FRIEND, Chairman
ROBERT S. GASH,
JOHN E. O'NEILL,
Assessors of Taxes.
3-12-3w

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, March 5th, 1910.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last Will and Testament of CATHERINE JOHNSON, late of the City of Newport, deceased, which Will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, hereby gives notice that he has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

HENRY N. JETER.
3-5-3w

WANTED—Automobiles for auction: March 9th, Limousines, Touring Cars, Runabouts, Delivery Machines. Commission 3 per cent.; entry books close March seventh. Fourteen automobiles already entered. Enter your automobiles immediately. EDWARD V. KRAUS, Auctioneer, Office 765, 5th avenue. Telephone 300 Murray Hill, New York. 3-5

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 11, 1910.

TO

Lobster Fishermen.

THE COMMISSIONERS OF

INLAND FISHERIES

WILL MEET AT THE

COURT HOUSE, NEWPORT, on

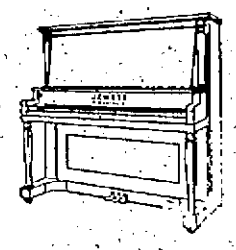
Thursday, March 17, 1910,

AT 10 O'CLOCK, A. M.,

To issue Licenses under Act No. 437 passed at the January Session of the General Assembly of 1909.

WILLIAM P. MORTON,
Secretary.

"MEET ME AT BARNEY'S."



"The Top O' the Morning," the piece made famous by BLANCHE RING, for Saturday only 19 cents.

BARNEY'S MUSIC STORE.
140 THAMES STREET.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., March 7, 1910.

Estate of Silas N. Littlefield.

REQUEST in writing is made by Bathsheba B. Littlefield, widow of Silas N. Littlefield, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, intestate, that she, said Bathsheba B. Littlefield, of said New Shoreham or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administratrix of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the fourth day of April, at 3 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
Clerk.
3-12-2w

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, March 7th, 1910.

Estate of Nina L. Littlefield and Dorothy B. Littlefield.

PETITION in writing is made by Bathsheba B. Littlefield, the mother of said Nina L. and Dorothy B. Littlefield, requesting that she, Bathsheba B. Littlefield, of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person may be appointed Guardian of the persons and estates of said Nina L. Littlefield and Dorothy B. Littlefield, minors, said Dorothy being under the age of fourteen years, children of said Bathsheba B. Littlefield and Silas N. Littlefield, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and said petition is received and referred to the 4th day of March, 1910, at 3 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
Clerk.
3-12-3w

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

March 12, 1910.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Administrator of the estate of SARAH A. ROSE, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned or file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement thereof.

WHITMORE W. LITTLEFIELD,
Administrator.
3-12-3w

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

New Shoreham, R. I., March 12, 1910.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham Administrator of the estate of LUCETIA ALVES, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

BERTIE C. ALVES,
Administrator.
3-12-3w

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, made by Sylvester R. Allen and Isabella Allen, both of the Town of New Shoreham, County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, to Cassius C. Ball, of the Town of New Shoreham, County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, bearing date July 16th, A. D. 1880, and recorded in Book No. 2, pages 206, 207, 208, of the Records of Mortgages of Real Estate, in the Town of New Shoreham, which said mortgage has since been duly assigned to Hattie A. Littlefield, of the Town of New Shoreham, County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, the present holder of said mortgage. There having been breach in the performance of the conditions contained in said mortgage, there will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described in said Town of New Shoreham, on SATURDAY, March 19th, A. D. 1910, at ten o'clock a. m., all the right, title and interest of Sylvester R. Allen and Isabella Allen at the time of the execution of said mortgage deed, in and to one undivided one-sixth (1/6) interest in a certain tract of land situate in the South West part of the town of New Shoreham, and bounded as follows: Northerly on land of George Willis and wife and land of John R. Redfield and others; Easterly on land of Samuel Allen, Jr., and land of Samuel B. Dickens and Anderson B. Dickens and Westerly on the sea. The same being the property belonging formerly to Samuel Allen, late deceased. The undersigned hereby gives notice of her intention to bid at said sale.

HATTIE A. LITTLEFIELD,
Assignee of Mortgagee.
Block Island R. I., Feb. 24, 1910—2-26 3w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

State Board of Public Roads.

Notice to Automobilists.

The State Board of Public Roads will be at the Court House, Newport, R. I., every Thursday, beginning May 27th, 1909, for the purpose of registering Automobiles, and issuing Operators' Licenses from 10.00 a. m. to 4.00 p. m.

3-22 tf

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by Manuel S. de Souza, of the town of Portsmouth, in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island (his wife Rozo M. de Souza joining therein in token of release of dower), to Benjamin Hall, Jr., of said Town of Portsmouth in said County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, bearing date of the 18th day of April, A. D. 1907, and recorded in Portsmouth Land Evidence, book 25, pages 174, 175, 176, there having been breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage, there will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on March 14, at two p. m., the following described real estate with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in the town of Portsmouth in said County and State, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the westerly line of Indian avenue where land of said Hall intersects land of Louis DeTerra; thence westerly four hundred and thirty-five and 6-10 (435 6-10) feet and bounded southerly by land of said Louis DeTerra; thence northerly one hundred (100) feet and bounded westerly by other land of said Hall; thence easterly four hundred and thirty-five 6-10 (435 6-10) feet to said westerly line of said Indian avenue; and bounded northerly by other land of said Hall; thence southerly with the said westerly line of said Indian avenue one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning, and bounded easterly by said Indian avenue; and containing one (1) acre of land more or less, or however otherwise bounded and described, being the same premises conveyed to Manuel S. de Souza by Benjamin Hall, Jr., by deed dated April 6th, A. D. 1907.

By order of the Mortgagee, who hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale or at any adjournment thereof.

BENJAMIN HALL, JR.,
Mortgagee.
3-10-4w

USE

Diamond Hill

BIRD

—AND—

Poultry Grit,

FREE FROM DUST,

White and Clean,

INSURES

Healthy Fowl.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

MANUFACTURED BY

Newport Compressed Brick Co

Newport, R. I.

6-2-1f

JUST PUBLISHED

Webster's NEW INTERNATIONAL Dictionary, (G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass.) surpasses the old International as much as that book exceeded its predecessor. On the old foundation a new superstructure has been built. The reconstruction has been carried on through many years by a large force of trained workers, under the supervision of Dr. W. T. Harris, former United States Commissioner of Education, and reenforced by many eminent specialists. The definitions have been rearranged and amplified. The number of terms defined has been more than doubled. The etymology, synonyms, pronunciation, have received painstaking scholarly labor. The language of English literature for over seven centuries, the terminology of the arts and sciences, and the every-day speech of street, shop, and household, are presented with fullness and clearness. In size of vocabulary, in richness of general information, and in convenience of consultation, the book sets a new mark in lexicography.

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Fire-Resisting.

WHAT IS IT?

CONGO

Never-Leak

Roofing.

WHO DOES IT?

BILL SHEPLEY,

7 Oak Street.

5-5-1f

WANTED

SUCCESSFUL boarding house-keeper to hire or manage successful country hotel.
W. G. PECKHAM,
Westfield, N. J.
10-17